

MACLEAN'S

TARGET: CANADA

The week the war
on terror hit home

LIVING WITH GRIZZLIES

A Canadian couple tries
to dispel the man-killer myth

INSIDE NORTH KOREA

Brian McKenna visits the
sad, strange, hermit kingdom

AMERICA LITE IS THAT OUR FUTURE?

YES

says
**Jonathon
Gatehouse**



NO

says
**Douglas
Coupland**

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Keeping Canada's Time for Generations

"The Black Watch deserves to have the truth known to remove any potential blemish from its extraordinary history. Shamefully, it has taken this long." —*MR. OFFICIAL, OTTAWA*

Kyoto emissions

The Chinese government vows to ratify the Kyoto accord by year-end, despite a lack of understanding among the electorate. The government says that the ones will be "criminal." In your Nov. 11 cover story ("What Kyoto will mean to you"), some of these costs became apparent. Who will pay for linking idle appliances that need to be standstill, cooking by microwave, energy audits of resale homes, renovations of older buildings, and forced conservation through increased energy prices? Jon Chatterton and his remaining supporters are aware these real costs exist, but they will never reveal the total since that would undoubtedly sway the majority away from supporting Kyoto. *Ray Spradonick, Guelph, Ont.*



The federal government would have us believe that it's up to us, the consumers, to make the difference in achieving the Kyoto objectives. But how many Canadians realize the inefficiency of equipment they take for granted, like the natural gas hot water heater with a mere 60 per cent efficiency that wastes almost half of the energy going up the flue as waste heat? If Ottawa is serious about reducing greenhouse gas emissions, then increased efficiency standards are needed. *Kurt A. Wehrman, Stouffville, P.E.*

In Switzerland's election of Tigrid and in small Italian cities with traffic and pollution problems like Verdello, drivers are required to turn off their engines at red lights. Signs post along streets remind drivers of this municipal legislation. What is concept? What ever works, if indeed, this is effective in decreasing emissions. It's proactive in any case. *Michelle Rodriguez, Montreal*

There are a lot of misconceptions about hydrogen as the clean-burning fuel of the future. As hydrogen does not occur naturally in an uncombined state, it must be extracted from one of its combined forms, usually natural gas or water—and this consumes a lot more energy than that produced

by the hydrogen. In other words, hydrogen, like electricity, is not a primary energy source, but a means of transporting and storing energy from a primary source such as a fossil fuel, nuclear power or renewable source. Unless the primary energy source is non-polluting, the benefits of hydrogen fuel appear to be an illusion. The dirty work is just moved upstream. *David Cottle, Mississauga, Ont.*

You mention that homeowners who have switched to "halogen or fluorescent" lights have cut energy emissions. While this is certainly true for fluorescent, halogen lighting has erroneously received a reputation of being energy efficient when in fact it has nearly indistinguishable (and sometimes even worse) lighting efficiency from standard incandescent bulbs. When it comes to determining energy-efficient lighting, a simple test will suffice: if you can burn your hand on the device while it is turned on, then it is an inefficient lighting system. *Stephen L. Kemp, Waterloo, Ont.*

It is remarkable that nuclear solutions are not included in most proposals to reduce our impact on the planet. Compared to fossil-fuel plants, nuclear reactors provide a very reasonable source of energy without using

our skin, land and water as sources to the same extent. There are problems and challenges with the use of every energy technology, and nuclear is no exception, but we must embrace a variety of improvements in energy generation to reduce our impact on this, our only planet. *Morgan Brown, Deep River, Ont.*

It's all about choice

Jon Chatterton and the other 12 farmers who drafted the original legislation created the Canadian Wheat Board as, in my view, the first pro-Canadian farmer Canada has ever produced ("Farmers in jail," *The Week, Agriculture*, Nov. 11). How delightfully un-Canadian, to stand up for what one believes is right. *Andy Holmes, Toronto*

One hears many proclamations about freedom of choice for farmers, but the Canadian Wheat Board Act was passed in 1935 to protect wheat farmers with freedom from exploitation by unscrupulous grain merchants. The majority of grain farmers in Western Canada support the Wheat Board because they know that power respects only power and that the Wheat Board's single-desk marketing system gives them an important advantage when competing on the world grain market. *William Dziadosz, Vegreville, Alta.*

Cultural capital

The narrative that both Stephen Hsu, author of *White Wars: Dirty Air World* and Macdon's editor-in-chief, sections, crusaders" (*Books*, Nov. 11) about the Governor General's Literary Awards nomination is disappointing that Canada must have a single cultural capital. We don't have to copy England, France or Russia. We can, and should, have many cultural capitals. *Frank Miller, Ontario, Ont.*

Story of sacrifice and glory

Thanks for remembering and telling the heroic battle of the bravest regiment of the 5th Brigade of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division in Normandy. When the Black Watch attacked Verrières Ridge, I commanded No. 10 platoon of D company of the Regiment. The Motorconvoy occupying a nearby orchard. I saw the Black Watch walking in files in their formation up position and saw what was left of them, dribbling back



BOSS
HUGO BOSS



'Time what was left of the Black Watch, crawling back bloodied after the butchery was over'

blooded after the butchery was over. Thanks for the story of sacrifice and glory, which has never been told fully in order to hide the incompetence and arrogance of stupid command. Maj. Philip Griffin deserves the Victoria Cross ("Mentor on Vermilion Ridge," *History*, Nov. 11). As it is given posthumously—could he not receive it now that we all know the truth?

LT-Col. (Ret.) Charles Furler, St. Petersburg, N.Y.

Operation Spring was designed as a three-stage holding attack to seize Vermilion Ridge and the high ground to the south, and was anything but a blunder, as Brian McKenna writes. The artillery barrage began on time, but the Black Watch had run into strong German defensive positions and an enemy counterattack before reaching their intended start line. Maj. Griffin and his comrades were brave men in a fine regiment, but Griffin ought to have reinforced the Calgary Highlanders before attempting to cross the ridge. Even if Brig. Gen. Bill Magill, rather than Griffin, ordered the direct attack on the ridge, Griffin agreed to carry it out. No one ever considered retreating him for a Victoria Cross for such an ill-fated action. The conspiracy exists only in McKenna's mind.

Tony Cope and **Mike Beuchthold**, Central Leather University, Worcester, Ont.

Back to the barricades

I just read Allan Fotheringham's column

"Where are the real men?" (*Nov. 11*) on females at the CBC and I could not agree more. Not only is the CBC filled with females, it also has taken on the female left-wing philosophy.

See Kibridge, *Geo. Ont.*

Allan Fotheringham is right! At the Canadian Chemical Engineering Conference in Vancouver in October, nearly all student award winners were female. That's amazing, for heaven's sake! One reason certainly is that women do have the intelligence, the self-discipline and the drive to succeed in every profession. But there might be another, less obvious, reason. Is it possible that men have uncovered some secret long held by women? That staying at home and raising one's children just as challenging as writing a column about someone else's children. The guys haven't given up; they have grown up.

Violent Hornet, Ottawa

Allan Fotheringham asks "Where are the real men?" Well, Foch, they're at home cooking after the kids and cooking dinners.

Buller Bell, Calgary

Foreign relations

In the Nov. 4 issue, Anthony Wilson-Smith wrote in his editor's letter, "Americans seem to be paying a terrible price these days for their place in the world's most powerful nation." I agree that the death of civilians during any unadvised violent attack is a ter-

rrible event, but as a superpower the United States should support the difference in all people around the world instead of trying to change those who see the world through a different cultural lens.

Greg Chubbuck, Winnetka, Ill.

Now that George W. Bush has complete control over Congress, there is nothing to stop him from destroying Iraq. One of the defining characteristics of a bully is that he will never attack anyone who isn't hurt behind him. There are other, far more dangerous nations that may have weapons of mass destruction, with North Korea leading the list, but Bush isn't about to attack North Korea as it could strike back—hard.

Jan Catterjohn, Missouri, Ill.

Resource allocation

As a registered nurse on maternity leave, I am appalled at the statement by Judy Alger (*The Mail*, Nov. 11) that paid maternity benefits are the cause of the cash shortage within the health care system. This was written in reference to Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, which pays 84 percent of salary for 26 weeks of maternity leave. I would like to clarify that the hospital does not pay the entire 84 per cent, but tops up employees' insurance benefits (currently at a maximum of 25 per cent of salary) to that amount. This practice is comparable to, and in some cases less than, many private sector employers. Should health care workers be denied benefits in order to ease the cash crunch that is occurring largely from decades of overuse and abuse of the system?

Leann Burgess, Hamilton, Ont.

The last execution

So are we to understand that Harold Penle, the last Canadian soldier to die by execution, "died for political expediency" ("Waiting for the firing squad," *The Mail*, Nov. 11)? Strange. I would have thought that desertion, mutiny and murder might have had something to do with it. *Mail* (Nov. 5), either weeks of the year to print stories such as this—or choose to run it at the time of year when we honour those who actually did their duty, as odd as that may be for some to comprehend in this politically correct day and age, is real or crazy. You could have at least waited a week or so.

Philip Marsh, Iles Roy, B.C.

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



"The beauty of covering such a fix-flung beat from a one-person bureau is that you have a whole world of stories to choose from," says the Edmonton native. "You never know from one week to the next where they will lead you."

In this issue, Bergman profiles an Alberta couple who works with grizzly bears. Fortunately, this story didn't require any hands-on research, but his duty to Maclean's has been known to lead him on many adventures, including a visit into the depths of Rat's Nest Cave in the Rockies for a piece on recreational caving. "That was a scary experience," he admits. "And not something I'd care to repeat."

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

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THEWEEK



Iran | Protests for change after a referendum is seen as a death

Harshen Aghajani's crime: insulting the Prophet Muhammad. The verdict: death. And in what many believe may be a turning point in Iran, thousands of students took to the streets of Tehran for five days of protests against the sentence handed down on Nov. 3 to the prominent poet, actor and ally of reformist President Mohammad Khatami.

Aghajani was arrested after a speech last summer that took on the country's conservative religious establishment. He said that each new generation should be able to interpret Islam on its own and not follow its leaders like "monkeys." And he also criticized Iran's clerical establishment for considering the interpretations of previous clerics as sacred and thus unchangeable.

Last week Aghajani refused to appeal and challenged the country's supreme leader, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, to carry out the sentence. Will Khamenei comply? The execution, which could be in a few weeks, would give reformers a martyr—something the religious establishment knows full well. On the other hand, religious authorities, backed by Iran's conservative Islamic mullahs, may crack down even more on the increasingly frustrated reform movement which—led by Khatami, who has won two elections—is trying to push through legislation that would end the clerics of some power. Three other reform leaders have been arrested over the past month by authorities. Given the many tensions, they may not be the last.

Aghajani (below) outraged clerics by placing democracy ahead of the Koran



ScoreCard

▲ **George Blowing Rock** Blowing Rock is a town that's great. Canada's first part town is in Ontario. It's great. For music and more. But one of the two will die.



▼ **Erin Davis** Working past hours could mean a lot. Erin Davis is a Canadian actress. She's in the business of acting. She's in the business of acting. She's in the business of acting.

▼ **Bernard Biers** Bernard Biers is a Canadian actor. He's in the business of acting. He's in the business of acting. He's in the business of acting.

▼ **PETA** PETA is a Canadian organization. It's in the business of acting. It's in the business of acting. It's in the business of acting.

▼ **University of Toronto** The University of Toronto is a Canadian university. It's in the business of acting. It's in the business of acting. It's in the business of acting.

Quote of the week | "You will be killed just as you kill, and will be bombed just as you bomb. I mention in particular Britain, France, Italy, Canada, Germany and Australia."

A THREATENING MESSAGE, believed to be from Osama bin Laden and broadcast by al-Jazeera television, warning of more attacks

Blood on an ancient tomb

The Tomb of the Patriarchs in Hebron marks the burial place of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It is also where 12 Jewish settlers and Israeli soldiers were killed by Palestinian gunmen as they walked to worship at the shrine, which is holy to both Jews and Muslims. Most of Hebron is controlled by the Palestinian Authority, but the Israeli army patrols the centre of the city where, surrounded by 130,000 Palestinians, about 450 Jewish settlers live. The deaths served to fuel the campaign of Benjamin Netanyahu, who hopes to replace Ariel Sharon as the leader of the right wing Likud party before the Jan. 28 elections. Netanyahu and Sharon has not done enough to ease Israeli security, and vowed to send Taser Amfit into exile.

Separatism's finest hour

Quebec Premier Bernard Landry dipped of Civil Remembrance Day ceremonies in Montreal. Instead, he attended an event staged at a Mount Royal cemetery by the nationalist Société St-Jean Baptiste, billed as a commemoration of "those who died for the liberty and independence of peoples." Standing in front of rows of headstones marking the graves of veterans, Landry linked the struggle of Quebec separatists to that of the soldiers who died defending freedom in both world wars. "Quebec is a nation, and very democratically and peacefully searching for full liberty," he said. "The liberty of

France, of Italy, of the U.K. and the liberty for Quebec and Canada are all components of the humanity of the world."

A president's nasty side

Vladimir Putin, the former KGB agent who came to power in Russia promising to crush Chechen separatists, has shown his nastier side in an uneasy relationship with the media. And not only homegrown journalists. At a summit with European Union leaders in Brussels, Putin shocked his hosts with a threatening reply to a Le Monde reporter. Asked about the use of heavy weapons against civilians in Chechnya, Putin replied, "if you want to go all the way and become a Muslim cleric, I invite you to Moscow. We have experts—it will not concern that they carry out the operation in such a way that nothing grows back."

'Dark, evil forces'

As religious leaders prepared for ceremonies to drive out the "dark, evil forces" that led to the deadly bombing of a Bali nightclub on Oct. 12, police announced they had arrested two more people in connection with the explosion. That brought to seven the number of arrests in the bombing, which killed 188 people. Among those detained is a 40-year-old mechanic named Arman, the alleged field commander of the Bali explosion. Police and Arman, dubbed the "Jugh-

Passages

REAR END: Glenn Swais, 70, was born in Minneapolis and grew up in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Last week, her book of short stories about young life, *A Song for Nettle Mountain*, won her the 2002 Governor General's Literary Award for fiction in English, worth \$15,000. Swais, a mother of two and a former teacher, started writing full-time five years ago after suffering a heart attack.

HEIR: Felipe Alou signed a three-year contract to manage the San Francisco Giants—home of Barry Bonds, who last week was named National League MVP for the 8th time. Alou was an outfielder with the Giants (1958-1963), along with his brothers Jesus and Marty. He managed the Montreal Expos from 1992 until he was fired during the 2001 season. Last year, he was a bench coach in Detroit. Alou, 67, will be the oldest manager in the major leagues.



SETTLED: Dr. Nancy Olivieri and four researchers who supported her—John Dick, Peter Duro, Brenda Galois and Helen Chan—have been compensated by the University of Toronto and the Hospital for Sick Children after a five-year dispute. When Olivieri went public with the potential dangers of a drug she was testing, she was threatened by its manufacturer and was not supported by the hospital or school. Four colleagues who came to her defence felt their careers at the hospital suffered as a result. The conditions of the settlement are confidential.

AWAYED: Could this be the one? Jennifer Lopez, 32, says she will wed Hollywood star Ben Affleck, 36. Her first marriage to model Ojane Nua ended in 1998 after a year, and earlier this year she split from her second husband, dancer Cris Judd, after eight months. Lopez and the twice-bee-married Affleck met last year on the set of their upcoming film, *Gigli*.

ARMISTICE: Dawson's Creek star Joshua Jackson, 26, was charged with assaulting a security guard at a Canadian Hurricanes hockey game. The Vancouver native, who had a blood alcohol level of 0.14, is scheduled to appear in court next month.

BY DODD



Quebec Premier Bernard Landry uses Remembrance Day to draw a parallel between fighting for the 'liberty of France and liberty for Quebec'

Outsmart the unexpected

A flip phone is held in a hand. The screen displays "No Service". The phone is a silver and black flip phone. The background is dark and blurry.

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Royals | New tabloid fodder

As Prince Charles celebrated his 54th birthday last week with Camilla Parker Bowles on his arm, he could be forgiven for thinking he was in a time warp. Once again the British papers were dominated by royal scandal and pictures of his late wife, Diana, Princess of Wales. The current frenzy started after her former butler, Paul Burrell, was acquitted on Nov. 3 of stealing from her estate and began telling his story to a TV talk show and the *Elle* for \$1 million. Charles did his piece blame from every direction as the tabloids try to outdo one another.

The *Mail* on Sunday interviewed Charles's former valet, George Smith, who said he told Diana that one of Charles's aides had raped him, and that in 1995 she taped Smith's claim. The "rape tapes" apparently vanished. Charles allegedly knew of the accusation, but there was no police investigation until 2001 (no charges were laid). Other papers soon noted that Smith

Celebrating in the face of scandal

had made previous rape claims, which police had found false. Then there were reports that Charles's trusted servant, Michael Fawcett, sold unwanted royal gifts and kept a cut of the sales. Charles's office immediately announced an inquiry into all the allegations swirling around his household. The findings will be made public in December.

Burrell, meanwhile, was still glib for the real *News of the World* tabloid story, complete with pictures and letters, saying he had had a three-year, same-sex relationship with the early 2000s while working at Buckingham Palace and had even snuck his lover into the Queen's apartment to see her corpse. Burrell fared better at New York City, where ABC News bought the British TV program for a reported \$180,000 and landed an exclusive U.S. interview with him. The tabloids' royal feeding frenzy—and Charles's headaches—are far from over.

ing bomber" after he apparently told police he was delighted by his deadly work, was a student of Abu Bakur Bashir—the alleged spiritual head of Jamaah Islamiyah, an Islamic group linked to the Bali attacks.

The adviser's edge

Financial guru Brian Costello didn't write his own newsletters and may not have read them, according to testimony at an Ontario Securities Commission panel. Moreover, the newsletter articles were paid for by the companies they featured. Costello, accused of acting as an adviser without being properly registered, also got out of the proceeds from investments he raised, the Toronto panel was told. Costello held seminars across the country where he promoted investments at EverView Resource Management Ltd. and Sybilco Securities Corp. The panel heard that his company received \$120,000 as a cut of sales, although investors were not told. Journalist James Carr, who wrote and edited Costello's *Money Matters* newsletter for him, said firms paid up to \$1,500 for mentions, but the articles were not labelled as advertisements. Carr also said it appeared Costello never read the articles.

Faith and the ROM

The so-called James ossuary went on display at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum. The limestone box, thought by some to have once contained the skeletal remains of James, brother of Jesus, was damaged while in transit from Israel to Canada and opened by ROM experts. Further tests uncovered evidence to bolster claims that the ossuary is the real thing. Among other things, ROM experts said the box's inscription—"James, son of Joseph, brother of Jesus"—appeared to be authentic, undermining claims that some of the world's shrewd signs of living been inscribed at a later date.



Unveiling the James ossuary at the ROM

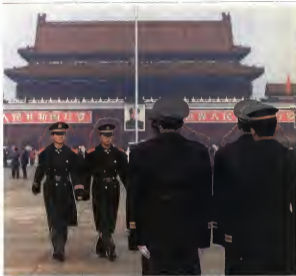
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NAUTICA



China | Getting rich is good

China moved to affirm its new-found love affair with capitalism last week by introducing the most sweeping change to its old-line political guard in decades. After months of secretive policymaking, the ruling Communist party replaced Jiang Zemin, 76, with Hu Jintao—at 59, the youngest Chinese leader since Mao Zedong took power at the point of a gun in 1949. His elevation was not unexpected. But what caught foreign observers—and even ordinary Chinese—all guard was the extent to which the ruling elite agreed to bring in new blood.

Almost all of the nine-member standing committee of the Politburo, the party's most

powerful internal clique, are newcomers. So are about half of the 556-member Central Committee, a group that includes, for the first time since the Revolution, a smattering of millionaire entrepreneurs. The Communist party has even amended its constitution so that it is no longer part for the working class. On an official Web site, it said the new rules "will give people greater confidence in getting rich."

These changes come, of course, as China has undergone a decade of unprecedented economic growth, coupled with daunting social and environmental problems. By some counts, economists expect a record \$60 billion in foreign investment to flow into China this year. And with all this trade has come

Marching in Tiananmen Square as the leadership enforces capitalism

some interesting diplomatic maneuvering. Beijing was one of the first UN Security Council superpowers to back America's tough line against Iraq. Intriguingly, it also seems to be taking its erstwhile Communist ally North Korea to the wind of international anger. Change moves slowly, however. A noted democratic reformer was dropped from elite circles in this round. And at least six of the new Politburo members are poeones of the outgoing Jiang. Chou wenben say "Si u Ha, about whom little is known, he made his first trip to the West only last year.

AMERICA LITE: IS THAT OUR FUTURE?

For all our talk about differences, Canada is becoming more and more like the U.S., says JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

DEFINITION OF A CANADIAN, FOUND ON THE INTERNET: AN UNARMED AMERICAN WITH HEALTH INSURANCE.

NOT LIKE THEM. It's how we've defined ourselves for generations. Quicker, less violent, more caring, not as arrogant. Different. Better. Everything Americans are, we aren't. It is the thing, along with the line, that we have found as the very center of ourselves—the only charitable discovery in our seemingly endless search for a national identity.

Sure, not everyone in Canada thinks that way, but enough of us to make Rick Mercer rich (or, since he works for the CBC, comfortable), and reward party crashers anyone else—you can trace the line all the way back to Judge Hildebrand, the creator of *Sir Seeks-a-Lot*, who has been able to provide us our institutions. The bogymen south of the border has been reliable fodder for sagacious comedians, earnest literary poems, electoral crusades, even informative magazine articles.

We whinge when America ignores us. We bellow with rage when they pay too much attention. Last week, it was a national riot of pigskin over the meanings of an obscure column for a far-right magazine. "Werps!" is the banner emblazoned across pages of *Minnesota* on the cover of the *National Review*. In his article, Jonathan Goldberg takes Canadians to task for their reflexive anti-Americanism: "the massive spine bending, clip!" we have on our shoulders when it comes to our cousins to the south. By the end of the week, he had already received more than 700 angry e-mail messages from Canadians complaining about a piece that more of them can't possibly have read—the story isn't available on the Net, and apart from the editorial board of the *National Post*, few people in this country actually subscribe to the magazine. Part of proving his point, doesn't it?

Goldberg's piece is filled with cheap shots ("a northern Pavarotti Ruffo with an FBI sensitivity") and errors—he gets, of all things, the name of the Canadian Alliance wrong—but woe away the facts of life and there are more legitimate points. The sort of moral superiority that Canadians like to closh themselves in—especially when it comes to criticizing U.S. policy—is getting harder and harder to justify, he argues. "Canada is a country that kills debts, but isn't willing to commit the means to create those debts," Goldberg told *Maclean's*. We now rank near the bottom of G8 and NATO nations when it comes to defence spending, and spend most of our money on foreign aid, he points out. "You can't talk about how you want to make the world a safer place, then sit on your hands."

But it's the things Goldberg and other observers are saying about the eroding basis for our nationalism that should really give us pause for thought. "You define Canadian culture as *Mounties*, health care and a beer commercial—that's not what a serious, rational country does," he says. "Face it: Canadians are extremely similar to Americans. Year after year is so insignificant, because the differences are so small."

It has always been easy for the rest of the world to write us off as "kind of" Americans. We have common mores, most of us speak the same language, our popular cultures overlap. And it turns, it has always been extremely simple for us to point to the substantive distinctions between the two nations: slower streets, less violent crime, better access to health care, no capital punishment, more players in the NHL.

Over the last two decades, however, these once undeniable lines have started to fade. Today, 85 per cent of Canadians still believe our quality of life is superior to that of our American neighbours, but take a long look around. Gunplay on the streets of our major cities is no longer a rarity. Homelessness is a national crisis. Roadblocks are a permanent fixture in communities across the country. Free trade has made the border (at least for goods) practically nothing of the past. *9/11* and *Free Trade Challenge* have been replaced by the *Gay* and *American Idol*. Our foreign policies are almost indistinguishable. Culturally, can-

notably, politically, Canada and the United States are closer than ever. And if we're going to point to branding ourselves as opposition to the *Talibans*, we'd better be careful that truth is advertising; how don't force us to start using the label "America Lite"?

Just 14 years ago, Canadians were passionately divided over our relationship with the U.S. The proposed Free Trade Agreement evoked popular fears of American domination, not just in manufacturing, but in cultural industries, public policy, the environment and practically every other facet of Canadian life. In the 1988 federal election, both the Liberals and the NDP opposed the trade pact, and a majority of voters apparently agreed with them (the Mulroney Tories won with 43 per cent of the vote). Today, however, these broad concerns about confounding U.S. influence barely register with the Canadian public. A recent opinion survey by Pollara—claiming that provides the ideological Liberal party with its data—found 66 per cent of people in this country would like to see the Canadian government trade even closer economic ties with the United States. Only five per cent were adamantly opposed to the idea. Eighty-seven per cent of respondents said Canada must look beyond its border to "improve economically."

That shift in attitudes isn't limited to purely economic questions, says Michael Marjohn, chairman of Pollara. Canadians remain passionate and intensely protective of our national symbols—the idea of adopting the U.S. dollar is a no-starter, he says—but are less and less worried about the dangers they used to see in getting close to our neighbours. The things that once distinguished us—like it or not—are active governments, support for cultural preservation—these ebbed away. "The differences are becoming less distinct," says Marjohn. "When we see people in focus groups they wring their hands, two things—gun control and health care." When you take into account that there have always been a significant number of Canadians—mostly rural residents—who



have never agreed with our gas laws, and that dissatisfaction with the state of the medical system is now widespread, you have to wonder if our identity, such as it is, is unravelling at the seams. It's fine to cheer along with Joe Canadian, but once you get beyond the patriotic bluster and the unassuming earnestness, what exactly is it that sets us apart any more?

True, not everything is sweetness and light with U.S.-Canada relations—in recent weeks there has been anger over the increased scrutiny some foreign-born Canadian citizens are enduring when they enter America. Not to mention Michel Jolbert, a resident of the border town of Pénisnganoak, Que., who languished in a Maine jail for more than a month before being released on bail last week. His sin: crossing the border to go up his pickup truck without checking in with U.S. officials (Jolbert also had a hunting rifle in his truck). But this is small beer in diplomatic terms. When it comes to the one overriding preoccupation for Americans these days—long, there seems to be little question that Canada will end up supporting, probably even participating as, a U.S.-led attack. We might start a different course on climate change by ratifying the Kyoto accord, but that will only become a cross-border issue if it hampers our ability to provide the U.S. with cheap energy.

The prevailing view among senior Canadian diplomats and policy-makers is that the relationship between the two countries is about as good as it gets under a Liberal prime minister and a Republican president. Postscript: It flows that ignored security in the U.S. would cripple trade have largely been soothed by the signing of a comprehensive new border management plan, and Americans seemed grateful for Canada's contributions to the war on terrorism, even if they haven't translated into an invitation for Clinton to visit the Texas White House.

From the American side of the table, the complaints are even fewer: Is neither The Bush administration has made it clear that it would like to see Canada become a military spending, but people in the know in Washington say it is hardly unkind or unkind. "I am sure that there are people in the Pentagon worrying about Canada's lack of defence spending, but I haven't seen any signs of offending American interests by joining the Canadian embassy over the sub ject," says John Pike, founder of the U.S.



Left to right: the National Review calls us whippersnappers; a cartoonist depicts them left for Canada; editorial cartoons from 1969 and 1984



think tank GlobalSecurity.org and one of America's leading defense analysts. "The United States is quite capable of blowing up anybody that needs to be blown up with our anyone else helping."

Guido Gillet, the former U.S. ambassador to Canada, believes relations could get even better over coming months. With Republicans controlling the White House, Senate and House of Representatives, and no decision on the immediate horizon for either country, there's an opportunity to settle sagging trade disputes over commodities like wheat and softwood lumber, he says.

Gillet, who has spent a large part of his life living in Canada, says he's not sure if it is a question of the two cultures drawing closer, or rather one of the deep similarities that have always been there coming to the fore. "I've always found it extraordinarily hard to articulate the differences between us," says the ambassador, who now works as a trade lawyer and sits on the boards of several major Canadian corporations. "But I know it when

I see it." And regardless of how close we become, says Gillet, there is one thing Canadians should always keep in mind: "Nobody in Washington gets up in the morning and thinks about how to take over Canada."

But that sort of assurance is cold comfort to Canadian nationalists. Mel Hartig, the 60-moose author and publisher, is travelling across Canada and the U.S. promoting his new book, a book about the United States. He says he can't understand why his fellow citizens aren't more concerned about what is happening around them. "We're going to end up as an American colony," he says. "Since Mulroney abolished the Foreign Investment Review Agency, there have been more than 16,000 Canadian companies taken over by non-resident corporations, mostly American." Hartig says there are now 35 sectors of our economy under majority foreign ownership, compared to zero in the United States. And protected sectors, like banking, publishing and telecommunications, will soon follow, he warns.



That's the kind of argument that would have had Canadians leaping to the barricades a couple of decades ago. "Today, it barely elicits a yawn. Some observers see this shift as part of a global trend. It's no longer just us versus them. In the last 20 years, as the world has become more economically interdependent, everyone's national sovereignty has eroded. The transnational corporations might be based in the United States, but the evidence suggests they're just as willing to shut down a factory in Britain or France as one in Waterloo, Ont., if they can find skilled and cheap labour in the developing world."

University of Toronto political scientist Stephen Clarkson says the type of nationalism that flourished in Canada in the 1960s and '70s is all but dead. "The issues are pretty much the same, but the debate is now muted." Ironically, Canadians seemed to have surrendered once free trade became a reality. Culturally, the success of our musicians, screenwriters, both national

ly and internationally, seem to have soaked our fears of assimilation. "There's no crisis to respond to," Clarkson says. In his latest book, *Us, Me and Us*, he writes that the question isn't whether Canada will survive—no politician in America wants to upset the apple cart by adding millions of assimilated middle-class, gun-hating northerners to the mix—but what type of country will we become? Canada has already proven that it can fill a positive role in the new globalized order by playing middle man efforts to bring Third World debt and bad land mines, he says. Now Canadians have to decide if that's the type of country they will favour.

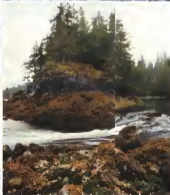
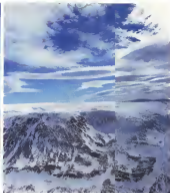
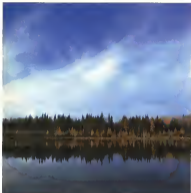
But frankly, it's not an issue that is concerning us. Matthew Mendelsohn, the director of the Canadian Opinion Research Archives at Queen's University, says the trends of public thought are so contradictory that it is sometimes hard to tell whether we're sophisticated or naive. "It's like we believe we can have our cake and eat it too," he says. "That we can be closer to the U.S. in terms of de-



fence and security, have closer economic ties, but that we can still symbolically object to American policy around the world and maintain a distinct social organization."

Canadians, especially young Canadians, are voting less, and fewer and fewer of us belong to political parties. Our politicians are real, says Mendelsohn, but it hasn't yet translated into an economic platform or a political agenda. And in the absence of elected leaders who are presenting a vision that the public is willing to buy into, we find our national sentiment in the freestyle, feel-good cynicism that Don Cherry and Molson hawk. "We have become a people who, without a trace of irony, love to yell about how modest they are," says Mendelsohn. Screaming our virtues from the rooftops? Strange, but that sounds as useful in the age of things we used to object so strongly to about Americans. And if that's the case, maybe it's time to start hitting ourselves. □

With William Leather in Washington and Michael Ondaatje in Toronto



Coupland (above): scenes from Canada's national parks, by Canadian cartoonist Robert R. R. The top two photos are from his new book, *Canada: Landscapes of Dreams*.

STRONG AND FREE

According to author **DOUGLAS COUPLAND**, Canadians and Americans have never been more different. But there is that potential U.S. invasion to worry about.

LAST MONTH I attended a literary festival in Paris. In its catalogue they listed me as American, and at the inaugural cocktail party the organizers came upon me and said, "We listed you as American in the catalogue—oops! I hope you don't mind."

"Well, actually, I do mind."

"And why is that?"

"Because I'm Canadian."

"Oh, of course—of course Canadians are different."

The punchline is that the three-day event was called "Festival America," an exploration of how the continental North American is writing to reexamine their identities (Insert whoopee cushion noise here). The other punchline is that, in my own writing, fiction and non-fiction, has never been more focused on Canada and what makes us us.

This past year the American decided to demote Canadians. That pretty obvious. Apparently we have no tomorrow, our writers who get nominated for the Booker Prize aren't even Canadians—they just collect their mail here—and worst of all, we use metric.

Most of us can remember the exact moment when we realized the American don't like us any more. It was during the post-9/11 Bush address in Congress when he stopped to thank America's very best friend in the entire universe—England, huh? And then their next best friend, Mexico, and then somewhere between Cameroon and Cape Verde came Canada. A few years ago even, our national feelings would have been stung by such a slight. But recently? So what.

So what makes two things here—first, Canada and the U.S. have diverged to the point where it's no longer true to say that we're essentially the same thing. Did we change while the U.S. remained the same? I doubt it. We've changed somewhat, but the U.S. has changed so well, by time, and we've simply decided not to go along for the ride. Second, as a result of divergence between Canada and the U.S., we've reached the

point in Canadian where we no longer define ourselves against Americans. It's as if, after 135 years in the egg, we've finally hatched. We confidently stand for a set of values on which we agree on all the big points, and quibble over the little ones. Quickly we are a peace-loving people who value both the rights of the individual and the collective good of society—which means fewer guns and more hospitals. We're not out to get more land from anybody else or impose our values. Canadians also lack the anything that makes Americans truly American—a set of definite attitudes and behaviors that stick in automatically in a situation, for better or worse. Americans tend to react to a situation. Canadians tend to respond.

So, understandably, Canada has become different from the United States—we all feel it. Not superior and not worse, but undeniably different. Half of my friends are American and I have no axe to grind. This is merely observation, and most Canadians I've spoken with find the same way. Oddly, Canada's process of differentiation is occurring just when it theoretically ought not be happening: our country is being based over by free trade agreements, and it's being translated by American media from every conceivable outlet. So what's up?

I don't think the Americans would bother demoting Canada unless they had a goal in mind. Americans are long-term planners, while we Canadians pretty much live from one short-term problem to the next. If we have a national flaw, it's our inability to think long range. What the Americans want almost blindly our water, our power grid and, most of all, for our natural resources to not compete with theirs in an open market.

Most Canadians, like or right, have a deep distrust of future trade agreements when it comes to energy, water and natural resources. Water is possibly the only issue on which nearly all Canadians stand absolutely united. There's something sacred about water that

just can't be missed with, and nothing can guarantee a Canadian news follower more than tags that the government, in some form, is dropping no water south.

Obviously Canada and the United States are each other's largest trading partners, and while I'm not given to conspiracy delirium in general, I also can't help but wonder if the Americans cynically liked the Canadian economy and its dollar as a source of unexploited money every time they need to balance their own books. In my head, I'm seeing a room deep within the U.S. Treasury Building, where some guy says to another, "Well, Norm—look at this we're going to have to top some couple trillion-plus months."

MEANWHILE back in Paris, at the writers' conference progressed, it became, as mentioned, all too evident that the attendees could care less about Canada, Mexico or the Caribbean. The only notes on the agenda was the United States and (if their days were more free time, I'll bet) if the American Dream. Oh good God, talk about being. It didn't matter what came up, the

French, in equal measure, wanted to trash the Americans and because the end of the American Dream I tried pointing out that Americans really aren't the only people with a collective dream—the Canadians, France and possibly even Antarctica probably have dreams of their own.

Blaise

Personal attendees, having their programs in hand, and after having been informed of our presence, directed a fair whack of their anti-Americanism at me. The odd thing was, even after they learned I'm Canadian, I still functioned as an enemy worthy of burning. The fact is that what is most their needs, the French like to view other nationalities) can be all too happy to jump the U.S. and Canada together. Quebec gets a get-out-of-jail card, but only barely to a kind, globally, Canada's banking can be a pinch of snark until a banquet of American banking arrives.

We like them that because we're Canadian we're somehow immune to the consequences of American political actions, but as Australia just learned, we're equally as vulnerable. A modern nation needs to prepare

and defend itself against the capabilities of others, not against their stated intentions (a double-edged sword). To think otherwise is a childish magical thinking. I remember reading in the paper maybe a decade ago that the RCMP did a sweep through the Montreal apartment of a terrorist (I'll keep the nationality secret) and found a stack of photographs of Canadian freeway overpasses in an envelope. **Blaise**

I think about the Canada-U.S. sibling squabble more than most people because I moved extensively and work almost entirely in the global arena. Some Canadians like to think of me as American. The Americans like to think of me as British, and the Brits all think that I'm German because I was born on a now decommissioned Canadian Forces base in Germany. My daddy flew there for his Canada, dammit!

Thinking of me as American makes the lives of some people easier. Here's why: if you think of me as a Canadian, then you also have to realize what being Canadian means. Whatever that definition is, it must include the huge number of Canadians who

live in the suburbs—not small towns—and who have largely assimilated from whatever their ancestry is or was. They're middle class, they shop at Canadian Tire and they watch the Weather Network while wearing plaid flannel garments. This overwhelming statistical fact drives a certain kind of Canadian mental. Suburbs are supposed to be horrible! Only people in small towns or recent immigrants have a situation distinct enough to generate Canadian angst!

Some Canadians still glow with a bit of angst, malcontent left over from the nationalistic agendas of the 1960s and early 1970s—times when Canadians often felt less loved than the northern border with Alaska length. You're always day late, but you come from a place where all borders are delineated by rivers, watersheds and battlefields, a religious cultural link of faith to cross an arbitrary straight line and suddenly be in Alberta, North Dakota or British Columbia. Yet in spite of this arbitrariness of borders, Canada remains Canada, even more so

to stick it up, you'll probably say, "Let's put a straight line right across the middle which totally ignores all ecosystems, biogeographic and geological boundaries—that way we can permanently own and control the classroom both sides of the border!" That is what happened.

The Europeans, a map of North America has an exotic allure. Why? Because many of our borders are drawn with straight lines—like those of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and the Yukon—and the larger the map of all, the U.S.-Canada border, which mostly follows the 49th parallel, is 6,416 km (3,979 miles), not including the northern border with Alaska length. You're always day late, but you come from a place where all borders are delineated by rivers, watersheds and battlefields, a religious cultural link of faith to cross an arbitrary straight line and suddenly be in Alberta, North Dakota or British Columbia.

Yet in spite of this arbitrariness of borders, Canada remains Canada, even more so

laws. That kind of thing. In a similar vein, Canada never cut ties with Cuba, making us a convenient back door for Americas Cuban activities if whatever issue. And for what it's worth, I've always had a hunch that members of various religious plans and say in Winnipeg, not Seattle or Portland, as they always seem to do is wrong.

Every year I think most Canadians have a few butterflies in the stomach moments as they picture in their heads the day of invasion. Maybe it will be the Americans. Maybe it will be the Chinese, a thousand frigates full of soldiers based on the northern coast of British Columbia. Maybe it will be thousands of Dances attacking, maybe a highly colorful, affordable oil boom. Or the Russians blundering the empty waters of the Yukon. But we all know the sensation of vulnerability and of how sickening it might feel to be imperiled. Some people become fearfully, terrifyingly angry when the butterfly feeling arrives—we've met them at parties—and when I see people grating through that I wonder if that's how the First Nations people must have felt once it dawned on them that the European invasion was, in fact, an invasion.

ONE DARK AND obvious question that is so scary it almost borders on why hasn't the U.S. taken us over yet? One possibility they could do it in 30 minutes, they may well even have an ASBRO CANADA button in the Oval Office desk. What prevents them from military resistance? Right. And somehow, fear of international outrage doesn't seem like a deterrent. So perhaps we need to phrase in an equally limited question, which is why do they allow us to continue to exist? A general answer to that rhetorical question might be that it simply does not seem to let Canada take care of itself. Americanizing Canada would only add to the cost of its upkeep and introduce irreparable U.S. problems to a place where they currently don't exist. An uninvited Canada is a cost-effective good buddy—how depressing. But it's not just Canada. The U.S. could take over anywhere, really. New Zealand. Denmark.

Ghana. But they probably don't do it for exactly the same reasons. We just happen to be near each other, so it seems more obvious and more malodorous.

"I think there is a chance if we want to remain a country, we have to continue being Canadian. That's news indeed."

CHEESEHEADS, CANUCKS AND DOUGS



ENTIRE AMES In 1915 McCallister & Stewart published a book of photos depicting everyday life along the Canada-U.S. border. Called *Border Friends: A Day in the Life of a Canadian*, it was a coffee table classic. To look through the book now is to revisit scenes as dead as the 1915 smiling children, happy river thoughts and rural borders with simple signs reading "Welcome to Canada." We more. One can't help but wonder what an updating of the book might look like. It's a very bright, colorful book filled with vibrant photos, like a child's book. It's a very bright, colorful book filled with vibrant photos, like a child's book. It's a very bright, colorful book filled with vibrant photos, like a child's book.

CHEESEHEADS Growing up I remember always going to the Canada-U.S. border and seeing **CHEESEHEADS GO HOME** spray-painted on the highway interchanges, where these these Canadian who buy American cheese to cash in on higher U.S. cheese prices. Got it? Take that, Kraft!

CANUCKS Americans have pulled me aside on several occasions to ask, at the height of a storm, "Is it, you know, like, to call Canadians 'Canucks'?" When I say that it's perfectly fine, I get a disbelieving look on their face. "There's even a hockey team called the 'Canucks,'" and only then do they relax. Yes, it's okay.

N. CAROLINA VS. S. CAROLINA: Here's an animal technique for calibrating the difference between Canada and the U.S.-Auk yourself. "Auk," North Carolina more different than South Carolina than Canada different than the U.S.? No.

OK, it's Russia more different than England than Canada, a different than the U.S.?

Yes.
"OK, is California more different than New York than Canada is different than the U.S.?" Almost, but not quite.
"OK, is Australia more different than New Zealand than Canada is different than the U.S.?" That's a tough one.
Obviously there's no real answer, but what ends up happening is that your brain tries to act on, in a way, figuring out exactly what it is that "different" means.

ABSOLUTELY! A few years ago I did an ad for Absolut vodka that asked \$100,000 for Van Gogh's *Wineyard with Canada* wallpaper. Myself. Now often can you make that much money for a good cause with five minutes' work? My milieu is the art world, where a painter can do something and quickly receive several thousand bucks for charity. Whereas I'm so successful, unless it's an appearance at a dinner where people get to sit with writers and learn how average they are. Some Canadians see the ad as an American selling their to do, choosing not to see the gravity of going to bed for *Wineyard*. I think the next stage in Canada's mental evolution is to learn

how to subvert existing international systems to our own ends, rather than having them used as it seems simplest, but it's something that still has to happen.



DOGS. An Austrian TV journalist was in Vancouver doing a piece last year, and I was there to help out. He said to me, "I saw that everybody in Canada is a dog." I said, "Hello! No, that's just a media myth." And then the hard three-man crew arrived, and they were all named Doug, and suddenly there were four Doug's there, and I had to drink a glass of cold water to make sure that I wasn't drinking and in some strange way I felt it as if I were doing my national duty. **D.C.**

Adapted in part from Douglas Coupland's *Source of Canada*, Douglas & McIntyre, 2002



SOUL SEARCH

Nice place? Sure. But the *New York Times'* man in Canada tries to figure out what makes us tick.

IN LESS THAN ONE YEAR as the *New York Times* Canada bureau chief, I have had the opportunity to travel this beautiful land more broadly than most Canadians and certainly more broadly than I have travelled in my own country. I have been able to accompany a party of ten on a seal hunt, witness one of the best fiddlers perform in a Cape Breton (Inchewan) one-nighter, drive across the exquisite forests and glimmering fields of British Columbia and Alberta and glimpse of the multicultural states and sounds of Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver.

As a typical American, I know little about Canada when I arrived with my *Times* wife in January. And I still have much to learn. But what I am wrestling with more than anything else in my education process is how to define what is at the core of Canada. Put another way, I am still searching for the national soul.

As far as I can tell, a very large number of Canadians define themselves not for what they are, but what they aren't—namely Americans. How else to explain that aside from ice hockey, the CBC and a persistent disdain for Toronto there are few national institutions and experiences that Albertans, Manitobans, Nova Scotians and Quebecers share?

Whatever the varied reasons for this, it is not merely a matter of the great historic French-English divide. Culture, economic and political interests more north-south rather than east-west in Canada, a country in which more than 80 per cent of the population (with us a dominant drive of the U.S. border.

One Toronto magazine columnist once noted to me over dinner: "While every American wants to visit Washington as a national calling, what Canadian longs to see Ottawa?"

As an American who likes Canada, and I don't know an American who doesn't, I found that statement to be really a shame and not

only because I think Ottawa is a pleasant place. Despite for politicians is one thing, but a capital city is supposed to encapsulate national identity and patriotism—feelings that should produce pride and a deep well to draw on in times of crisis.

When I make these points to Canadians I meet, some become very angry. Others nod in sad agreement, especially after Premier Ralph Klein suggested that Alberta might decide to secede if pushed too hard on Kyoto. Oil sands over country?

So what goes? I have figured out much of the anatomy of Parliament. But I push figuring out how Mr. Klein can get away with suggesting secession without stirring a national uproar is going to take me more time.

Since I moved to Toronto from my last assignment in Buenos Aires, two questions have popped up with uncanny frequency to my conversations with Canadians: "Are Americans really interested in reading about us?" and "Are you finding enough news in Canada to write about?"

The first question reflects an obvious observation: that Canadians know they think a lot more about the United States than Americans think about Canada. It's a realization that seems to cause much resentment among at least some Canadians, who feel taken for granted by the United States. For me, the gap mainly reflects the relative size of population and importance to each other's economies. It shouldn't be a big deal.

But while Canadians appear to generally like Americans, I have repeatedly heard the following complaint: Canada sent troops to Afghanistan, and the United States responds by rising tariffs on our softwood lumber and pressures us to increase military spending so we can contribute to the next American war. They are telling words for an American to hear.

Trade issues aside, I need to ask: If Cana-

dians were targeted by terrorism (as Australian apparently were recently) and American troops were called in to help out on the inside of the border because of a shortage of Canadian manpower, wouldn't that really be a compromise of sovereignty? A stronger military can only make Canadian foreign policy stronger, both when it agrees or disagrees with Washington.

But it is the second question that really intrigues me. Do I have enough to write about? This country is changing so fast and in so many ways my place is full for at least the next three years. Immigration is altering the face of Canada. The creases of separation are leaving their heat in Quebec. The Canadian family is changing profoundly with the legal acceptance of same-sex marriage and its possibility in the next few years. The single-payer health-care system appears financially unsustainable. Marijuana may well be decriminalized. Native Canadians are going through rapid social change, moving from dogparks to the Internet in lightning time.

Canadians seem surprised by my long list, as if it were new.

I can only imagine how some of these issues would play out in the United States. Rush Limbaugh and Pat Buchanan would have a field day. Political magazines like the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and *National Review* would weigh in with provocative essays reflecting their varied ideological points of view.

But in Canada sparks don't seem to fly over many political and social issues, at least not outside Quebec and the health-care debate. Is that because all Canadians think alike? I doubt it. Or is it because it is somehow not proper for Canadians to argue?

Some Canadians would consider it vulgar to frankly debate whether the country can absorb thousands of immigrants that are so large that Toronto is already about half foreign-born. Some would consider it homophobic to delve into the potential complexities of redefining marriage. The single-payer health system, once up, is a Canadian value above reproach.

I make one word: Sure, it is easier to fire the tough talk and criticism at the United States, but can't one be a patriotic Canadian and be critical of Canada too? ■

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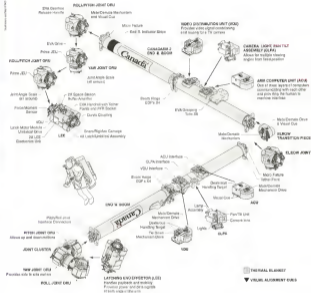
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SPARKS DON'T SEEM TO FLY OVER MANY POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ISSUES, AT LEAST NOT OUTSIDE QUEBEC AND THE HEALTH-CARE DEBATE



Canada has found its cultural identity as the Media Nation, transparently filtering the world, writes BRIAN D. JOHNSON

But one thing we know is what we're not. We're not American. We can't believe Lettman keeps making racist cracks about Manhattan taxi drivers in turbans, without

Herrington is the Oliver Squire of cultural rationalism. This failed novelist has already received 100 match-uns, plus a Governor General's nomination, for his latest lab-

Canada. In depth

clutch of essays. But he's worth mentioning because he represents a kind of crucial cultural intersection that now seems hopelessly remote. It's a view that yet to our artists should be in the business of reflecting Canada to Canadians with dogged idealism—that if Michael Ondaatje writes about a charmed Hungarian in a Tucson villa (*The English Patient*), or Barbara Gowdy in her head the mind of an African elephant (*The White Bow*), or Yann Martel sets a lifeboat adrift with a Bengal tiger (*The Life of Pi*), they're somehow betraying Canada. But this is a nation in transit, a country that Martel, on accepting the Booker Prize, had the nerve to call "the greatest hotel on earth."

What if real national identity means that Canadian artists can't be measured by tallying up local references? Perhaps there's such a thing as a Canadian point of view, and what makes it Canadian is its lack of national ego, and the conspiracy with which it flies the rest of the world, *America in particular*. That's why we export so many to musicians and journalists. Mike Myers does it best, Peter Dinklage is next, but both make the world from a borrowed distance. That's one playful approach to the diversity

of consciousness a writer made Glenn Gould, Norman Maclean, Pierre Trudeau and Marshall McLuhan so much more than simply a poet, an activist, a politician and an academic. They were all media empires, transforming the art of consciousness. And they all floundered in the Sixties, when Canadian culture first popped into focus with *Topo G7* and the creation of the flag.

McLuhan, of course, was the ultimate media guru, a prophet of globalization at the dawn of the computer age. Envisioning the "global village," he asked this pointed question: "When everybody becomes totally involved with everybody, how is one to establish identity?" Canada has found a self-effacing identity as the Media Nation. Shying backstage of America, we comfort from a safe but intimate distance, with no need to applaud. As for our own culture, it has found its voice, or voices, but is still struggling with image. In the spectrum of the so-called cultural industries, at one end there's *CanLit* and pop music, which are both thriving. In the middle, there's TV drama, which clings to the seeping infrastructure of the CBC with token support from the private sector. Then at the other

extreme, there's our cinema, the Achilles heel of Canadian culture. Despite some initial successes, our movies have yet to attract much of a popular audience.

Plus in the dominant art form of our age, and (not coincidentally) the most influential form, while *Harigton's* *Imaginaire* that *CanLit* has been rescued by Free Trade seems far finished, it's also how economic forces have hobbled our film industry. Unlike our publishing, television and pop music, it doesn't have an even distribution system or *CanCon* quotas. We're the only country in the world that the Hollywood studios treat as part of their "domestic" distribution system. A harshness of public funding has nurtured an arrogant, self-conscious style of cinema—stuffed with romance, humour and diversity. And on screen, our penchant for observation is compounded into voyeurism. For all their brilliance, the films of Atom Egoyan and David Cronenberg are an acquired taste, and a restricted diet.

It's telling that one of the great lyric storytellers of our language—Quebec's Glorieux (also *Dieu d'Antenne*) and B.C.'s Philip Bovee (*The Grey Fox*)—were threatened, and defeated, by the impossibility of making movies in Canada. Both died tragically, their visions only half-filled. Quebec, at least, has enjoyed artistically thriving film industry, with its own studios and a captive audience. But English Canada lacks a strategy. Our directors get more respect than our actors. And, these days, when the Giller gets more press than the *Gentle*, there's nothing more glamorous than a prize-winning author.

We can blame Hollywood for overshadowing our cinema, just as *Harigton* blames *Toronto* for the Hollywoodization of *Can Lit*. "In cultural terms," he writes, "the relationship between Toronto and the rest of the country has come to resemble the relationship between Americans and Canadians: they know nothing about our country, but we know everything about them." But reuniting *Toronto* (even those of us who work in the belly of the beast) with cinema so *Toronto-busy* has become our own provincial form of anti-Americanism. U.S. artists don't white about their cultural industries being controlled in New York and Los Angeles. Yet some Canadians still believe that cultural vision should be evenly distributed, like federal transfer payments. To become truly post colonial, maybe we need to stop blaming *Toronto*, or America. Let's blame Canada. □



Canada's observational culture generates merited voices—Gould, Martel, HTO, Myers—but with rare exceptions, such as *Atom Egoyan*, our cinema has yet to deliver a popular chord.

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A UN vehicle in Baghdad (GRCO Power) and Foreign Minister Bill Graham in Ottawa

points out, the Iraqi leader has been confined to his box the past 11 years. "The case against Iraq has simply not been made," he says.

By necessity, any Canadian participation in an Iraq campaign would be modest. A Senate committee reported last week that Canada's military is in such sorry shape that it should wrap up operational operations within six months and regroup. That doesn't mean the military has no assets. Canadian troops @ War squashed themselves in Afghanistan and could prove valuable in Iraq. Canada could deploy warships. On the negative side, Grossman says, "we don't have any transport and our fighters are incapable of operating effectively with the Americans or British." Nor, to mention the fact that the Department of National Defence would likely need six months to patch together an advisory battalion similar to the one dispatched to Afghanistan.

Canada's allies are well aware of our military limitations. In fact, says Michael Mandelstam, a professor of American foreign policy at Washington-based Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies and author of the recently published *The Wars That Conquered the World*, the U.S. is likely

neutral on Canada's participation. Mandelstam says reports in the U.S. suggest military planners envision a war of short duration requiring at most 200,000 troops. In that scenario, Mandelstam points out, "it will be an easy, a mild hand-picked military because there are no greater problems of coordination."

During the Afghanistan operation, U.S. officials grumbled privately that Canadian troops were ill equipped, used American aircraft capabilities and even lacked proper rations. (Some also blamed communication problems for the friendly fire tragedy that resulted in four Canadian soldiers being killed by a U.S. missile.) But Mandelstam adds that Washington would welcome early and strong political support from Canada and would expect that they play a role in the reconstruction of Iraq. "The American attitude would be in understanding of countries that don't want to contribute blood during the war, but are acutely of conscience and don't want to contribute the treasury after the war," he says.

Ultimately, as with Afghanistan, it may be the Canadian government on that winds up pushing harder for inclusion in an Iraq campaign than the United States is willing to give. Grossman believes much of the current ambivalence about being counted in Powell's list of "Who's on the outside" comes from reflex and Americans. But Canada is a moral country, he eventually finds Iraq fighting side by side with the United States will bring us, two historic allies, should Iraq emerge on its pludge—regardless of whether the UN finds wiggle room between "terrorist" and "military" consequences. Then the question arises: why will we go to Canada might be. "What took you so long?" □

For many Canadians, Washington's demonization of Saddam Hussein is nothing but a personal Bush-family agenda

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WAR AND THE WEST'S BETRAYALS

'Freedom' for Iraq? Just look at my nation, says an Afghan-born writer

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP in Kabul in the 1980s, we Afghans learned how to resist and survive. Our country was occupied by the Soviet army. The Afghan communist regime had no legitimacy, it repressed and tortured anyone who resisted its rule. But whatever those oppressions, there is resistance. The fighters who called themselves mujahideen (holy warriors) were supported by the West with weapons and money and fought the occupation. For young Afghans, they were heroes. We supported them by joining underground anti-government movements. The United States was our best ally. We were not aware of the geopolitical of the Cold War. We believed, innocently, that the West was truly interested in our independence and freedom. But we were naive.

When America's rival superpower, the Soviet Union, was defeated, Afghanistan was abandoned to its tragic fate. Our true enemies were weapons and drugs rather than freedom and democracy. The outcome was a brutal civil war between Afghans, not the good and prosperity we had been promised.

In 1991, just after the liberation of Kuwait from Iraqi occupation, I was attending high school in Montreal, N.B., and I observed striking similarities between my experience in Afghanistan and that of the Iraqis who rose up to oppose the cruel rule of Saddam Hussein. The Western rhetoric sounded quite familiar. The unquenchable words of George Bush Jr.—calling on "the Iraqi military and the Iraqi people to take matters into their own hands and force Saddam Hussein, the dictator, to step aside"—sounded more kind of encouragement we were once given by the West to take matters into our own hands and force the pro-Soviet government out of power. The Shia Muslims from the south of Iraq and Kurds from the north, taking Bush's words



Padra found a country in shambles when she visited Kabul in July.

literally joined an uprising against Saddam. By March 1991, Saddam had lost control of all but four of Iraq's 18 provinces. Western journalists have reported how Iraqis in the north watched with anticipation, then horror, as U.S. planes flew over Saddam's helicopters while the Iraqi pilots machine-gunned Kurdish refugees. As Saddam's army moved to retake the south, the Americans—knowing exactly what was happening—allowed them to survive. I knew how difficult it must have been for the Iraqis to

believe that the West could ever let them down. After all, not until I came to live in Canada did I begin to understand how deeply the West had deserted Afghanistan. It was later explained that the White House did not support the Iraqi uprising because America—and especially its Saudi allies—feared Iranian influence over the Iraqi Shia, who constitute more than 60 per cent of Iraq's population. The outcome, however, was catastrophic for the ordinary people of Iraq. Saddam punished those involved in the uprising with a bullet in the back of the neck. He ordered the drinking of the martyrs of the south—a unique place of

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waterways and reed houses, where people's livelihood depended on water, where brides were brought home on canoes.

Like the million Afghans lost during the Cold War, the Iraqis, too, now suffered the worst of both worlds: continued rule by a dictator and betrayal by the West. It turned out that the West's political systems took precedence over its supposed espousal of democracy and freedom.

One likes to believe that the West has learned from its mistakes, yet my own misadventure once again led me to be carried away. After the tragedy of Sept. 11, when—sadly enough—the West was forced to take notice of Afghanistan, I thought perhaps it was about time the West did the right thing. The U.S. military campaign that followed—"Operation Enduring Freedom"—shattered that hope. Let's not forget that freeing Afghans from the bond of the Taliban was not the main objective; it was an outcome. After all, the West had willingly ignored the suffering of Afghans under Taliban rule for more than five years—just as it had accepted the death and dispossession of Iraqi children, due to UN sanctions against a regime that continued to build palaces while its people starved. In the 1980s, Western governments stood by while Saddam committed his human-rights crimes. Then, Saddam was a good friend of the West; he was fighting anti-Western Iran in the 1980-1988 war. In Kuwait, we didn't know much about Iraq; we used to idolize Iran because of its Islamic revolution, and so we hated Saddam personally for invading the country I always used to think, when I was at school in Kabul, that Saddam looked like Hitler.

It was only after last year's defeat of the Taliban by the Northern Alliance—a collection of criminal warlords who served as the West's ground army—that the West married Afghanistan as a victory. Now that Iraq has become a substitute for Taliban Afghanistan, President George W. Bush is suddenly talking about Saddam's crimes against his people and his atrocious human rights record. It sounds all too familiar to me. Last year at that time, Bush was speaking about the brutalities my people had experienced under the Taliban. His passionate plea as his army launched its attack—to restore freedom and security to the poverty-stricken Afghan nation—is identical to the script he is now reading on Iraq. Just a year after our "liberation," Afghanistan is already for-

Western governments ignored the suffering of Afghans under Taliban rule, just as they stood by while Saddam committed his human-rights crimes

gotten. So I wonder how we can ever trust Western promises of peace and democracy.

The reality is that Afghanistan has become a quagmire advertisement for the American message in its "war against terror." In my recent visit to the country, I realized that the so-called liberated Afghan women don't feel very liberated. They continue to wear the burka for fear of the warlords the West has helped bring to power. Although few Afghans want a return to Taliban rule, I have yet to meet one who would thank America and its allies for bombing them, killing 3,500 or more. The U.S.-backed government is losing its legitimacy; the country remains in economic shambles.

After witnessing what has gone wrong in Afghanistan—twice over—I correctly but ask whether we wish to bring real democracy to Iraq or a sham, ghostly version, to be installed and maintained by the Americans. I wonder if what the White House really wants is just another Afghan-style democracy: a U.S.-friendly government where, if need be, American soldiers can replace the local security forces to protect the head of the new Iraqi government, just as they now guard Afghanistan's President Hamid Karzai. A touch of social order and maybe a little economic advancement—mostly dependent on the World Bank—could, I suspect, be part of the Saddam-free Iraq dream.

But as an Afghan-Canadian, I am fearful of an attack on Iraq, terrified that it could prove to be an even more tragic casualty than Afghanistan. How could America protect Iraq from a breakdown into civil war? How can I believe that, once Iraq has been "liberated," Iraqis won't join Afghans in the forgotten list of unfortunate whose countries have been attacked by the West—not to bring freedom and democracy, which we all wish to have, but simply to serve the West's interests? □

Nofzar Pajani is a journalist based in Toronto. She is also the star of the film *Auslander*.

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North Korea



INSIDE KIM'S HERMIT KINGDOM

The Dear Leader's country is eerie and hungry, writes BRIAN MCKENNA

NORTH KOREA IS THE SADDEST and strangest place on earth. A nation of 22 million people so cut off that their single international airport has fewer flights than Tokyo's, a hermit kingdom with a famine, a nuclear missile program and an electrifying fear of the United States. On a crisp November morning, we are in the capital of Pyongyang, filming atop a 45-story monument. Topped with a big red flame-shaped light, the tower was dedicated as a kind of giant birthday candle to the late Great Leader Kim Il Sung when he turned 70, and is constructed of 23,500 pieces of granite—one for each day of his seven

decades. Our guides, three of them *whom we go, point out* that the tower also celebrates Juchaeism, the nation's philosophy, a concoction of Marxism, nationalism and self-reliance in all things. Just as they explain how the nation's calendar now starts with June 1, the sacred year of the Great Leader's birth, the air raid alarm begins to wail across the city.

Below, on boulevards lined with poplar and gingko trees, the citizenry begin to run. Within 15 minutes, the people of Pyongyang,

Still in awe of Kim Il Sung, the President for Eternity, as he towers over Pyongyang

two million captive souls, disappear. Most demand 100 crimes for the 10 operating stations of the Pyongyang Metro, leaving only the blue-coated People's Police and armed soldiers on every street corner. "The U.S. is threatening us with war," one ministry official tells us. "They could invade at any time." They are serious, and at the subway entrance they point to triple blast doors back to wither and a nuclear attack.

Now in the seventh year of a great famine, North Korea is prepared to sustain an atomic attack from the U.S., and reply, in the words of a Foreign Ministry statement issued on Oct. 23, "with not only nuclear weapons

but any type of weapon more powerful than that is as to defend its sovereignty and right to existence." The country has introduced the diplomatic world and startled the U.S. by declaring it has a sovereign right to nuclear weapons. Officials are cagey about whether they possess any, but the suspicion in the West is that they harbor one or two.

A rare visit to North Korea by an outsider makes clear the sad reality: a born of desperation. The nation is hungry and freezing in the dark. Few buildings we visited were heated, including museums, government offices and schools. The Russians and the Chinese no longer bail the country out and its infrastructure is falling apart.

In 1994, in return for North Korea suspending nuclear weapons development, the U.S., South Korea, Japan and the European Union promised to build a twin reactor for electrical power. With the progressive years behind schedule, North Korea has become convinced the Americans are stalling, anticipating a total collapse of the regime.

Washington also promised to normalize relations and stop making threats. It hasn't happened. Instead, the Bush administration demonized North Korea as a rogue state, part of the "axis of evil," and used it to justify a new Star Wars program. Worse, Bush declared that North Korea is a possible target for a pre-emptive nuclear strike.

Walking up in Pyongyang is eerie. Silent, darkened deserted streets slowly fill up with long lines of people walking or begging to work. Pyongyang presents a singular 21st-century urban landscape: a meticulously planned city with no grunge, no graffiti, no private cars, no private people, no revolutions or crime scenes—an Asian city bereft of trouble and neon lights.

Brush, sidewalks and even car lane high ways are swept clear of frost in summer, leaves in autumn and snow in winter, by brigades of mostly women with long-time braids. Once the most industrialized nation in the Soviet bloc, North Korea is slipping back 100 years, oceans imploding twin Jungles of workers with red flags that twirl, digging miles of irrigation ditches by hand. Acres of bright green winter cabbage, harvested head by head, then stacked high in the backs of aging army trucks for long trips on crumbling roads to Pyongyang. If cabbage is so abundant, a surprise to be the only crop that is.

At the Taishan collective farm 30 km



Jong Myong Chol and Pak Jai Hong at the Taishan collective farm north of the capital

north of the capital, we are greeted by Chuan-jun Jong, Myong Chol, 39, an approacher with no shirt under his tunic, and vice chair man Pak Jai Hong, 58, a farmer. The answer questions about another poor rice harvest, but prefer to speak about the Korean War, a useful distraction from the economic meltdown. Pak still vividly remembers the day in 1952 when U.S. bombers flattened his village and killed his father.

We are here shooting a TV Ontario series for the 50th anniversary of the Korean War. As a massive war memorial, in photographic display in every international hotel and to confuse enemies, the war is kept thoroughly alive by the government, depicting a poor country bombarded and captured by the U.S. and 14 allies, including Britain and Australia and Canada.

They will use the old phrases "imperialist aggressors, bloodthirsty wolves penetrating, blood-curdling, atrocious!" Declares one ministry official. "They are evil!"

A rare visit to North Korea makes clear the sabre-rattling is born of desperation—as winter descends, this nation is freezing in the dark.

delet in 30 years ago, once with germ warfare. If they attack us, we will strike back, not against U.S. bases in South Korea—we will strike Seattle." Their state-of-the-art ballistic missile, Taepodong II, may be able to do just that. This is not blustering. It's a frightened nation with almost one million people under arms. This is scary stuff. It gets scarier.

Kaesonan, the presidential palace in Pyongyang, is defended by an earthen wall and deep moat. Inside is a vast compound with a huge Arsenal garden with as we pass through metal detectors as sensitive that a simple paper cup can throw off. A personal radio device is thrust into every visitor's hands, and hymns to the Great Leader play as we approach the inner chambers. Through giant mahogany doors appears an immense star-shaped Presidential Kim Il Sung. The white marble is set in the very light of granite. A tremulous voice on the recorder declares he is "The Nation's Sun."

His earthly remains are in the next chamber. And the crowd is hushed as we pass in single file through a wind tunnel, designed to blow off the last speck of disrespectful dust. Suddenly, spotlighted in the dark, he is present in a crystal stereophony, elegantly dressed in a black suit. He was once a powerful chess player. Now, his body lies beautifully made up, he seems comfortably as a white linen pillow, covered warm down with the red flag of revolution. Women weep, his death in 1994 was "a thunderbolt," declares the radio, "crowing

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Spinning up the Great Leader's portrait, on the streets of Pyongyang, an Asian city with no private cars, no traffic, no neon lights or graffiti

the Korean people to pour forth swelling tears." Yet in death Kim Il Sung has achieved a dopo's dream, growing from President for Life to a new status enshrined in the constitution—President for Eternity.

In the next chamber of this Gyeongju tomb is the General President's private railway car, preserved on a pedestal, possibly on standby for a Second Coming. This chamber is followed by a room festooned with all his medals and banners, such as the much sought after Order of the Legend from Zaire. Lining the high walls are sizable pictures of the Great Leader with other Great Leaders—Khrushchev, Castro and Arafat.

Curiously, famous pictures of Kim Il Sung greeting Stalin and Mao are missing, perhaps because their revolutions have gone missing too. The final room is startling. Preserved and polished on a pedestal is the black Mercedes V12 limousine that carried the president in life.

Who runs the country now is an enigma. But the man with the title is Kim Jong-il. He is described as standing just over five feet, but so far available even with platform shoes and a teased-up hairstyle to reach the cab stature of his father. Dear Leader's image is not helped by the polymer paintings he favors, drawing attention to what may be the only purely wasteful in the country. He also appears to be the only North Korean whose legal is

not adorned with a small, round portrait badge of Dad. Those who dare wonder about about how Marxist theory resolves the paradox of a feudal succession, state power passing from father to son, are brought to task. Kim Jong-il is Dear Leader not because he is the Son, but because, say ministry officials, he is "in germs, the best possible person for the job as leader." A recent issue of the *Pyongyang Times*, the official English language weekly, reveals that as well as a genius, the Dear Leader is an amazing golfer. An article headlined "Tiger Who" discloses that this past summer he shot a round of 36 under par, with five holes-in-one.

All of this criticism has a price. And the soil broker we meet in Pyongyang, one of only 125 foreigners allowed in the country, looks like a bearded man as he tries to come to terms with this bizarre land. He is part of the ongoing operation to save the North Korean people from starvation. Since 1996, 8.5 million tonnes of food have arrived in

the country, 95 per cent off from the three nations most demonized publicly by the North Korean government: the U.S., Japan and South Korea. Words used to describe the famine are merchandise. Babies are said to "wane and mure" in the womb.

At the airport on the way out, I run into Donald Gregg, president of the New York-based Korea Society, a think tank of old U.S. Korea hands. "I was here with the CIA during the Korean War," he tells me, "but more recently I was the American ambassador to South Korea."

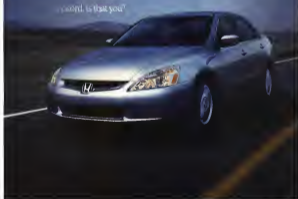
"Is this a trip to calm the waters?" I ask. "You could say that," he answers. "They are afraid of us, they don't like our rhetoric. They don't understand we're at war."

"Do they have reason to be afraid?" I ask. "They think they do," replies Gregg, who then adds dispassionately: "They do. There's some pretty scary people in the Bush administration." A few talk, a U.S. Air Force Hercules transport carrying the remains of U.S. marines killed in the Korean War prepares to leave in a mere example of co-operation between the U.S. and North Korea. In the North, they want no more dead on either side to be shipped home. They pay want respect, which the world finds difficult to give to this distorted land.

Accidental Canadian filmmaker Brian McKenna is in Asia filming the documentary *War in Korea*.

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BITING BACK AGAINST FLUORIDE

The long campaign against treated water is gaining new adherents

"IT'S THE CRIME of the century," 82-year-old Len Greenall says, his voice rising in passionate indignation. "It's an intentional invasion of bodily privacy" like sitting at the dining room table of his Surrey, B.C., home, a heap of film beside him, discussing the evils of fluoridated water. Fluoridation, a fight he's waged for 45 years. "It's a very haphazard way of dosing people with a powerful chemical," says Greenall, former contractor and a member of B.C.'s Health Action Network Society, a Burnaby-based consumer health advocacy group.

Greenall's band of toxic crusaders have been unconsciously successful. The number of British Columbians drinking fluoridated water has fallen below five per cent, the lowest provincial rate in the country. Neighbouring Alberta, by contrast, has a fluoridation rate of about 75 per cent. Nationally, according to Health Canada, almost 40 per cent of Canadians receive fluoridated water. But as it necessary, in an age of fluoridated toothpaste, to drink, bathe and irrigate the garden with water laced with a cavity-fighting agent? While critics like Greenall are often shamed to the fringes of the debate, there is also mounting evidence that the quest for a perfect safe can carry the risk of a fluoride overdose.

With childhood dental caries now a rarity, the benefits of fluoride in strengthening tooth enamel would seem obvious. Moreover, fluoridation has the backing of most of the Canadian medical establishment, including provincial and federal health ministries and the national dental, medical and public health associations. Yet there are some notable defections from the pro-fluoride camp. Among the most influential is Dr. Hardy Lumschick, the head of Preventive Dentistry at the University of Toronto. Lumschick, who once extolled the benefits of fluoridation to his students, now says "mass medicating" the public through the water supply is dangerous and unnecessary. The benefits are "enormous" and there is growing evidence of overexposure from fluoridated toothpaste and other



Thanks to crusaders like Greenall, B.C. has the lowest provincial rate of fluoridation.

sources, he writes in an e-mailed response to MacGurry. "On the flip side, so many people will end up with enamel tooth, fragile bones, acute sinusitis, thyroid problems and an increased risk for cancer, all in the name of preventive dentistry," Lumschick says. "I am ashamed for my profession and

is it necessary, in an age of fluoridated toothpaste, to drink, bathe and irrigate the garden with water laced with a cavity-fighting agent?

can no longer take part in the charade."

Fluoridation is ultimately an unresolvable ideological battle in most of Canada, and in many localities there is do-or-die support for its use. Kamloops resident Kevin Millership, for example, is suing both the federal and provincial governments in B.C. Supreme Court, seeking damages for dental fluorosis, a pitting and discoloration of the teeth caused by excess fluoride. Miller ship, who represented himself during a three-week summary trial that finished on Oct. 25, is seeking an end to fluoridation throughout Canada. He claims such treating of the water supply violates several constitutional rights, including those of "life, liberty and security of the person."

Gareth Montley, a lawyer for the B.C. government, countered that fluoridation is con-

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edational and that it is "justified" because this is a public health measure in the interests of dental health." Mr. Justice Robert Powers has reserved judgment in the case, which would have a national impact only if it reaches the Supreme Court of Canada on appeal. Locally, however, the issue is settled. Millership dragged Kamekopi from his suit after city residents voted last year to end fluoridation, a promise that had continued for 40 years. Within the past decade local voters have also thrown out fluoridation—often after decades of use—in three C. communities of Kitchener, Campbell River, Port Hardy, Squamish, Courtenay, Courtenay and Kelowna. The city council in the Island capital of Whitehorse also voted to end fluoridation in 1998 after 34 years.

The debate has its roots in the emotional fluoridation fights of the Cold War era. In 1945, Brampton, in south-western Ontario, became the first Canadian city to fluoridate. In Toronto, however, legendary broadcaster Gordon Sinclair's wife ran campaign against lacing tap water with "poison" disclosed that city's fluoridation program until 1945. Montreal has never fluoridated its water, a legacy that began with the refusal of former mayor Jean Drapeau to obey a provincial law requiring fluoridation. Victoria and greater Vancouver have never fluoridated either, in large measure due to the campaigning of Greenall, who is as relentless as a dropping tap.

Now, as then, there are widely conflicting interpretations of the growing body of science on the subject. Information from the U.S. Ministry of Health calls fluoride "a beneficial nutrient based on its proven, positive effect on dental health." The Calgary Health Region, which refused both an anti-fluoride court challenge and a city initiative on the issue in the past decade, says in material posted on its Web site that fluoridation costs just 60 cents per person per year, "a small investment for a lifetime of reduced dental costs." It blames fluoridation too often for reasons for the common good: "adding vitamins A and D to milk, vitamin C to juice or salt to salt."

The federal health ministry, while not denying water fluoridation, is more cautious. Health Canada guidelines warn that children under age six are at risk of dental fluorosis, which "can cause damage to teeth enamel, resulting in tooth pain and some problems with chewing," especially if

Fluoridation is ultimately an issue decided by municipal ballot in most of Canada, and in many localities, there is decaying support



Sinclair was vehement about keeping "poison" out of Toronto's water supply

they use, and swallow, fluorinated products. Toronto fluoride exposure for adults can reach adequate and little harm, causing pain in mild cases only, in severe instances, "difficulty in moving, deformed bones and greater risk of bone fractures."

Federal warnings are now required on fluorinated dental products. Crest toothpaste, for example, states "Do not swallow. Children under 6 years of age should use only a pea-sized amount and be supervised while brushing." Colgate's label states: "Recess intended for adults and children over 12 years. Do not swallow toothpaste."

Lambach says studies in British Columbia and elsewhere "do not show significant increase in dental decay among children" in non-fluoridated communities. But, he says, there is an "entrenched resistance" by health professionals and municipalities to re-examining the issue. Lambach says he's paid a price since voicing concerns on fluoridation about three years ago. "I have been insulted, attacked verbally, accused of lying to the public and my credibility as a scientist has been brought into question."

The ease of going the other way, however, may carry a higher cost in legislation, he warns. "If I discover that 50 years of fluoridation has actually harmed the population, the legal implications are enormous."

Ontario

ERNIE EVES'S ELECTRICAL STORM

The Premier is trying to pull a Ralph Klein. It won't work, says ROBERT SHEPPARD.

I'D JUST LIKE to assure my friends in the rest of the country that not every house in Mississauga has a teleprompter in the kitchen. Things are not that political yet in the great province that squats in the middle of Canada. The fact that there was such a high-tech toy in the suburban home of Premier Ernie Eves' daughter when Ontario Premier Ernie Eves turned up to announce a dramatic end to electricity deregulation—six years in the making, 6½ short months in operation—can be explained by the simple rules of political theatre.

Ancient kings reached for their magic wafers when they tried to rub back the forces of nature. Modern leaders grab a teleprompter when they are about to confront the marketplace or swallow their own rhetoric, and want to control the screen with a touch of dignity. The fact that Eves could also deliver this solemn roll-back-the-mercies message, with his sleeves rolled up, from the Hardhat's kitchen—the Great Helmsman, among his people—only adds to the confusion of what Ontario has done. Can we even believe that was the real Ernie Eves on the tube?

It was certainly not the Eves who, busily deflated, all these months, opening up a free market in electricity on May 1—the only road for Ontario to go down, the only way to save consumers money (even as rates jumped averaging 25 per cent on average from May to October, and much higher in rural areas and waterfront suburbs).

Maybe it's trying to steal a move from Ralph Klein's playbook and hammer down peak electricity manna on the way to an election camp. The Alberta premier pulled the off in the winter of 2001 when he used deregulated energy prices, thanks in part to electricity problems south of the border, took off like a shot off a stove!

But Klein is an undisputed master of the political pressure. And an energy specialist like business pro Joseph Doucet at the University of Alberta point out, Alberta's situation was (and is) quite different from Ontario's. For one thing, Doucet notes, Al-



When power was cheap and plentiful

berta has a history of private utility competition, while Ontario is a monopolistic monster descended from the old Ontario Hydro. Also, Klein sold Alberta that rates might rise in the short term, and set aside \$2 billion or so from the sale of regulated power to soften the pain. Not really thinking that he'd go through the credit barometer in less than a year? "Lucky for the government," says Doucet, "prices came down after that."

And that's the rub. Power prices in energy-rich Alberta settled at around six cents a kilowatt hour on average, enough to allow a little profit-making. Ontario is proposing to fix prices until 2006 at what's effectively been the 1995 rate of 4.3 cents per kWh—among the lowest on the continent. There are implications to be dug deep.

Implication number one. Kiss the Kyoto environmental treaty goodbye. Cheap electricity for the next four years means no household incentive to conserve energy, and more stop-gas, fossil fuel burning emissions to keep those air conditioners humming. A mark of Ontario's desperation is asking not again of trying to make more hydro power out of the usage beauty that is Ni-

garn Falls, a proposal that's been denied off and then returned to the filing cabinet so often it could almost power its own lights.

Implication number two. Who really pays for this? Eves government says the rebates will come from the cash flow of a new utility, Ontario Power Generation. But Energy Probe's Tom Adams, who knows this subject cold, says bluntly, "I have nothing but contempt for that assessment." The government has created so many new responsibilities for OPG—from reducing consumption to removing aging nuclear reactors and funding new sources of nuclear power—that the only possible outcome, says Adams, will be more debt or taxpayer bailouts. "The OPG," he says, "is not a tooth fairy."

Some estimates say the rate freeze will cost the government or its utility \$1.9 billion in real time alone. Other experts predict between, because there is less private sector motivation to add new capacity to already grid systems. That's why we saw that up last summer. OPG needed to buy electricity from the U.S. Utilities like TransAlta Corp. are holding off on new Ontario investments. In fact, Ontario's move has led bond notes to put a credit watch on almost the entire electricity sector, as companies from right across the country had been gearing up to enter the big Ontario market.

For the government, of course, the political implications may be all that matter. They talk of a spring election is noticeably more subdued these days. But when a premier starts making the suburbs with the pit prophecies, you can't take pre-election polls for granted. Since assuming the leadership in April, Eves has befuddled his own party, especially by its true beliefs, by being a free-market and a self-styled Mike Harris "tough" own" one day, and then a more liberal Mike re-regulate the next. He may also be confusing the electorate. Conservatives pollster Donna Duhaime reports that Eves is a daisy on the front-running Liberals—even as Ontarians aren't all sure they much like the government he runs. Still, they're looking him into their hearts.

THE JOY OF JOYCE

The ex-Tim Hortons king is trying to have it all at 72

RON JOYCE DAUNTLY cracks the wheel of his 2002 Mercedes convertible—one of his eight cars—in his left hand. In his right is a family-sized plastic cup full of vodka, iced and ice. Drinking and driving on public roads in golf in Nova Scotia. But when the road is on a privately owned, \$60-million-plus golf club and resort 10 km from the village of Wolfville, on the province's north-west shore, the cops don't care. Even less so if you're the avuncular guy responsible for running a Tim Hortons doughnut shop with no reach of every parcel car in Canada. The 70th birthday man may be as warm as Tim Hortons' coffee, but 400 is his personal fantasy-land. And the alcohol's using perhaps just adds to the beauty of the retirement for him, wheeling his passion through this place to his trophy he's built not 20 km from where he grew up dirt poor and fisherlike. "I've had a difficult life," he consoles, gliding around a turn. "I have been lucky."

Lucky? This ex-factory worker and farm-raised avuncle who once walked the beat as a cop in Hamilton, and is now worth an estimated \$700 million? The hairy guy with the Grade 9 education pulling onto the leading ramp where the private jets bring in Bill Remnick, CEOs and sport legends from all over the continent—and where one of Joyce's five aircraft sits idling? What business interests and four sumptuous homes scattered across Ontario, Nova Scotia and Alberta, Joyce, who has his own pilot's licence, always seems to be jettisoning off somewhere.

Last night, though, he slips in his brand new Fox Harbour mansion, far from his home residence in Calgary. That won't reach an estimated 13,000-square feet with an elevator, a wine cellar and a 14-seat movie theatre. The carpet was the rugged Northumbria Island Strain and Prince Edward Island daisies, on the left the rolling green of the golf course designed by Canada's Graham Cooke. On the other side is the estate where Destination Fox Harbour, his 40-acre sleep-beach built in Nova Scotia, will eventually move. All in all, precisely the kind of place where a self-made man who has been walking two

hard for too long can look out at 72 and say, "I've never been happier than I am right now," and sound totally convincing.

Yes, Ron Joyce's life is different than most. Why different, actually? Not Harb's, his retirement hobby—and perhaps the last act in his intense business career—a proof. Lots of Type-A males have trouble adjusting to the slower pace of retirement, instead of figuring how to play canasta, Joyce dropped a large-scale fortune on a five-acre resort where his rich friends—or anyone with \$200 for a round of golf, \$100,000 for a year's corporate membership, or \$600,000 or more for a condo—can get in touch with their inner Tiger Woods, then be prompted like they'd never left Beverly Hills. Inside the tony clubhouse, Joyce works the room like a pro, personally greeting each member of a foursome that includes an old buddy, Ken Rowe, chairman and founder of IMV Group International Inc., the Halifax-based aerospace firm. "Ron is a pragmatic guy," says Rowe, who at 87 was the chairing of the fencer. "He knows none of us is going to live forever. This is the dream of someone who can afford to do whatever he wants to. It's magic to come through those guys."

That's mostly what Joyce wants to hear. He's not more. He recently happens to either remote resort one day pays for itself, but the hand-headed businessman realizes he may never make a dime off this investment. "It's something I wanted to do," he confesses. "Part of it is giving back to where I grew up. But this is a wonderful place for people to come. And I'm having fun."

What is a life different than seven years ago, when Joyce was unhappier than any adult millionaire had a right to be. Thirty-four years would come so far and from such humble beginnings. Joyce's trademark fisher died when he was nine, leaving a widow to raise her three children on welfare. He was just 15 when he left Tatamagouche, N.S., for the factories and tobacco fields of Ontario. After a five-year layover, he joined the Hamilton police force, and when, at 33, bought his first Dairy Queen franchise. Two years



On the course of his \$60 million resort, Ron Joyce says he's "never been happier."

later, in 1965, he took over a doughnut shop in the fledgling chain started by Toronto Maple Leaf butcher Tim Horton, and in 1967 became a full partner in the business. Horton died in a 1974 car accident, leaving Joyce and the hockey great's widow, Len, to run the operation.

The chain boomed 30 outlets the following year when Joyce bought out Len Horton,

reportedly for \$1 million and a Cadillac. It died in the 20 years of torrid expansion that followed, he sold an arena design—moving away from past craters and coffee to sandwiches, muffins, bagels and, recently, and cappuccino. By 1985, Tim Hortons had 1,000 outlets and Joyce, who was 65 and saw no success among his seven children, was thinking about cashing out. He negotiated a friendly takeover deal with the Wendy's International Inc. hamburger chain in the U.S. In return for relinquishing con-

trol, Joyce got 16.3 million Wendy's shares, making him the largest single stockholder with a 14-per-cent stake.

He realized almost immediately he'd made a huge mistake. "I had sold the thing I built and loved," he now says. "It took me a while to get over it." The three years after the sale were "pretty tough." But "tough" is a relative term. He remained on the Wendy's board, was senior chairman of the doughnut chain and also continued as chairman of the Tim Horton Children's Foundation,

which raises money to send underprivileged kids to camps across Canada and the U.S. He still had other investments: a 15-per-cent stake in the Calgary Flames hockey team (sold in 2001), and Jetport, a Hamilton aviation charter business. There were some a rash of cancer-capping moments: the Order of Canada, induction into the Canadian Business Hall of Fame, five honorary university degrees, seats on corporate boards.

Joyce, more divorced and relatively healthy despite his legendary high living, suddenly had all the time in the world to fish, hunt, sail, play golf and generally enjoy himself. The irony was that he still missed the action at the centre of the business world—and discovered he missed being on the margins as a mere shareholder. "Ron has a ton of energy and loads of experience," says R. Rowe, executive chairman of Shaw Communications Inc., the Calgary-based cable giant on whose board Joyce sits. "He's not the kind of person to just sit there and waste time."

What brought him to Ron Harb's, Joyce had bought the land in 1987. Six years ago, he began thinking about a luxury resort that would help the depressed local economy, give his old business mates a place to take their leisure and offer Joyce something like the sense of accomplishment he used to get every time a new Tim Hortons opened. Last year, he made the break with his old life of lean, reimagining all his duties as Tim Hortons' chief running the children's foundation, and sold 97 million of his Wendy's shares for \$390 million. The cash has come in handy. The resort, open for two seasons, was starting to sell memberships and condos.

Good, though, in spreading professional golfing guests such as Curtis Strange based nearby. Joyce is to play a few rounds. The membership list includes the likes of Rowe, his CEO son Jim, supermarket baron David Sobhy, Florida billionaire Wayne Huizenga and Boston Bruins legend Bobby Orr.

The more such well-heeled people show up, the less likely it is Joyce will need to reach into his own pocket to keep the whole thing afloat. Not that he really cares. At least not on this trip full of afternoon, with a couple of vodka tonics under his belt and the future once again as seemingly limitless as the new cash from the 14th hole on which he is now standing. "I'm a guy who needs challenges," he says with a distracted air, so he's already thinking about the next one. The old gleam is back in his eye. **E**



AFTER THE BUSHKRIEG

Will the economy and markets revive?
More than likely. Less than hoped.

THE PRESIDENT'S anti-campaign Bushing that overruled the Democrats gave him more than control of Congress. Although he did not campaign on the basis of an economic program to get the economy moving again, his victory also gave him—in the eyes of the electorate—control over the economy.

That is unlikely to be a good thing for somebody up for re-election to the national CEO job in two years. Neither Bush, nor anyone else—in Washington, or anywhere—knows a sure fire formula for reviving the United States economy. Indeed, if self-proclaimed conservatives claimed to know which levers to pull and which buttons to push to make the economy hum like a fine-tuned machine, it would be read forthwith out of the conservative club.

Economic conservatives as diverse as Adam Smith, Leo Tolstoy and Milton Friedman agree that an economy is the result of millions of decisions coming from the bottom up and cannot be run from the top down according to some master plan. The Soviets tried it with Goulash, and everybody knows what happened to them. Governments can—and routinely do—damage economies with protectionism, subsidies, giveaways, ill-considered taxation and grandiose programs. But they cannot create sustained economic growth. They can build the coasts, but it is the great, diverse private sector that will or won't drive on them.

The Reaganomics of the 1980s worked because it really created incentives. It cut maximum income tax rates from 70 per cent to 28 per cent, and that really triggered economic activity. But all that Bush can do is cut maximum rates from the current 38 per cent to 33 per cent, and it's unclear that most relevant forces will be unleashed. The proposed repeal of death taxes could prove counterproductive, because Americans already give almost unbelievable (by Canadian standards) amounts to universities, museums, arts organizations and other charities, and part of this generosity comes from a desire to avoid paying punitive death taxes.

What will all these organizations do if their incomes are reduced because the rich spend more time vacationing abroad?

As for the deregulation that was at the core of Reaganism, some kinds of red tape are becoming almost mythical after Enron, the California energy crisis, and the actual and threatened bankruptcies of electrical and telecom companies, plus leading airlines. Bush's deregulatory zeal in his 2000 campaign extended to loosening and corporate governance, and that's no longer a viable strategy. He's still holding out against forcing companies to report the use of stock options in their earnings statements—a rigidity that shows he still doesn't get it—but it's doubtful he will be able to maintain that stand much longer.

His tax cuts in 2001 were the right program at the right time for a fast developing recession, but he can't use those arguments to lock in tax cuts as far ahead as 2030—which is what he is demanding.

Yes, let cuts be, in general, a good thing for the economy, because the private sector is likely to spend the money more wisely than the government. But when the government needs the money to fight a war it says it absolutely necessary, then the basic argument for further reduction becomes more complicated. Rescues cut taxes and boosted defense spending despite swelling deficits because he never gained control of the House, which assigned spending bills. It gave him the guns, but also imposed on him losses in budget.

Bush will find he has great difficulty re-opening congressional law to openable position found on both sides of the aisle, but

What Bush has is tenuous control over Republicans who have tenuous control over a recovery that is, at best, tenuous

will be blamed for the deficits once interest rates start rising again—approximately 22 hours after the economy turns around. Democrats have convinced most voters that rising interest rates come not from rising spending but from failure to raise in order to finance that spending. Bush will get some tax cuts and some increase in defence spending now, along with a stream of other spending he doesn't want but may not be able to veto. When he must run, he will be unable to blame Congress for the deficit, as Reagan did, because he is, in the voters' eyes, Master of the House—and Senate.

What Bush actually has is tenuous control—based on his successful campaigning—over the Republicans, who have tenuous control over the House and Senate, legislatures whose programs increase tenuous control over an economic recovery that is, at best, tenuous.

Will the economy and stock market revive, giving Bush the chance to claim credit?

More than likely.
Less than hoped.

The collapse of the technology telecom boom means problems for the economy and stock market for many years. The good times came, appropriately enough, during the White House tenure of a big time technology, and the bad times came during the White House tenure of a reformed drinker and born-again Christian who believes the duty of millions of Texas are more fun than any big cities. The electorate admires his restraint now, but may find it boring in two years with the economy still running in second gear.

The least likely outcome is a roaring economy that drives a roaring stock market. Clinton got all the really good times there will be for many years. The voters gave him the credit, even though all he had to do was get out of the way.

Bush has no such luck. It's no duty while the economy pays the retribution for the financial excesses of the Clinton years—in which Winkie became the equity equivalent of the ethics of the West Wing.

All Bush can do is follow the Hippocratic rule, promise not to secure the first rule is, do no harm.

And hope Clinton didn't use up all the good luck.

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'HOPE IS A FUNDAMENTAL FUEL'

The Man in Motion talks of fishing, family and a future without wheelchairs

RICK HANSEN, his powerful upper body threatening to burst through an old grey T-shirt, hauls a protesting salmon from the muddy depths of B.C.'s Fraser River. It's a tag of four, appropriately enough, between two disabled survivors. Hansen, 45, is the newer say-die guy whose Man in Motion wheelchair tour ended 15 years ago after wheeling more than 40,000 km around the globe, raising \$24 million for spinal cord research, injury prevention and rehab programs. And the straggler, says Hansen with admiration, "They've survived two ice ages and outlived the dinosaurs."

As president and CEO of the Rick Hansen Institute, he's one of the public faces of spinal cord research, pressing most recently for NASA to send a back injured astronaut into space to conduct experiments. His self-funded foundation wants to raise \$500 million within three years for initiatives aimed at accelerating a cure for spinal cord injuries—once thought to be an impossibility. The enterprise will be an international research and treatment center slated to open in December, 2004, in Vancouver.

As a founder and chairman of the Fraser River Sturgeon Conservancy on Society, he works to rescue the imperiled white sturgeon from pollution, poaching and spawning-habitat destruction. Conservation society volunteers have measured, tagged and released more than 12,000 of the primitive giant, which can weigh hundreds of kilos and live 150 years or more.

A dozen stragglers were caught and released during a recent day on the Fraser, a river that runs like a central nerve through the province. Between strikes, Hansen, the married father of three girls aged 7 to 22, spoke to Vancouver's *Burns* Chief Ken MacQueen about his current life.

Why is fishing such a passion?

Fishing can be as hard-core and dynamic as you want. It can be the art or the adventure of getting to the spot. It can be strategic, tactical, philosophical, it can be spiritual, or

emotional. There's a whole range of metaphors and opportunities. When you start actually catching fish, it explodes from a moment of solitude, reflection and social opportunity to one of chaos. For us here, it's fishing with purpose. We measure it, tag it, release it and have it become part of a living inventory of what's happening to our trout on the Fraser River.

Why stragglers?

They've been extremely successful in evolutionary terms. They're very hardy, and given half a chance they do pretty darn well. Unfortunately, they're straight in the way of human development. In many ways they're a symbol of the health of the ecosystem. If a straggler can't make it in the Fraser, what is going to be happening to other species, and to us?

What do you tell people who've recently suffered spinal injuries?

Hope is a fundamental fact. We tell people not to give up hope they will have a chance of a full recovery. Today, because of progress in research, people are finally waking away from an accident that would have left them in a wheelchair for the rest of their lives. The standard of care in the time treatment is way better than when I was injured [in a vehicle accident] in 1973. There's hope of a better life than you might have imagined because of advances in health care, in social access and technology.

The biggest headspin you have often is your attitude. It's what you do with what you have at the end of the day that makes the difference.

How close is a cure?

There's a fine line between hope and hype in the area of cure. Telling people it's going to happen tomorrow would be a huge mistake. A cure is going to come from a thousand breakthroughs and multi-combination therapies that are going to work together to help a person move a finger, breathe

independently, have less pain, have bowel function and maybe take steps and ultimately walk again. People with spinal cord injuries have a strong interest in knowing what's going on. Unfortunately there's very little available information.

So, how do you actually get them involved in a community campaign for spinal cord research? We're launching an annual fundraising campaign called Rick Hansen Wheels in Motion. It's on June 14 next year. The idea is for communities across Canada to get involved in one of six wheels or they can walk or run, too, for pledges and donations. There'll be profiles of local heroes who are the real face of spinal cord injury. Each has a story of prevention, the crisis moment of these injuries could have been prevented. Each story is a message of hope and inspiration. Each story is a call to action about what barriers still exist in the community.

If we get this right in Canada we want to take this campaign global. The cure or cure will be a global solution.

This talk of cures, of nerve regeneration, sounds like close to home?

We've been supporting spinal cord research for 15 years and breakthroughs are starting to happen at a faster pace. Holy smokes, I mean my injury, they could now regenerate nerve pathways and that injured side could grow again. It's possible.

I'm not into this endocrinology so that I can walk again. I've found my peace a long time ago. I would never trade my life for the use of my legs. I feel I'm the luckiest guy in the world, with the experiences and friends that I have. But, I'd be lying if I told you I wouldn't love to walk again.

When you sleep, do you walk in your dreams?

Sometimes I have dreams where I have no limbs, and sometimes I have dreams where I'm walking, where I have braces or things that can assist, but I'm actually walking with out crutches. Sometimes I'm in a wheelchair



I don't concentrate on the form of my mobility, it doesn't seem to be strong in my psyche. That's interesting, because in my younger years fishing was a source of my life. My earliest memories as a kid, growing up in Fort Albert, were with my father and my grandfather out on some adventure on some lake or river or out on the ocean. Physical activity and the use of my legs was always vital. My belief systems were linked to it. When I had my injury I was totally turned upside down.

Yet, you don't define yourself by your disability. What events shaped you?

Like to think the accident was an intense accident to my experiences. It became a chance for me to dig deeper and to learn and to grow, but it wasn't the defining moment of my life. I just see myself on a continual journey. My life wasn't defined just by my

near others, but it was a major influence. Meeting my wife Amanda [the tour physiotherapist] was one of the most profound impacts on my life. She's forced me to look in the mirror and face some of the challenges and obstacles that I have in my own character, which can be some of the most disabling things we can have in our lives.

How do you balance big-time fundraising, saving stragglers, and three kids?

You ask yourself what's important. You then gather support from your team. I'm home for soccer practices and games. I'm home for hockey kids when we play ball on the weekend or go to movies. My travelling is limited to 20 days a year. We call them 20 days. Before our first daughter came along I was travelling over 100 days of the year. Amanda and I did a lot of it together, but as our priorities changed I've had to adjust my travel schedule.

I asked Amanda, what about going down to 20 days? She said, "No, I think I like 30."

Look down the road another 15 years.

I think you're going to see a 50 per cent reduction in the incidence of paralysis after an injury. In 10 to 15 years, the quality of life for a person with a spinal cord injury will be unrecognizable. Probably the wheelchair will be something you'll see in a museum. Within 50 years the concept of spinal cord injury will be something unheard of. You're going to see a person with a spinal cord injury somewhere ready the summit of Mount Everest, and you're probably going to see me go to the pole. I also believe you'll see us compete for full medal status in the Olympic Games.

I've got big dreams. One of my disabling conditions is I believe that everything is possible. P



FOREIGN HOME TRUTHS

American journalists often discover Canadian stories that we have missed

THERE ARE NUMB SKULLS in Ottawa, by the acre, as we know. There are the wood servants and the tree-carvers and they can only go by the rules. But above them are the politicians, who are supposed to be the leaders, and they are the ones who can change the rules.

What they can't seem to do is to apply common sense to simple situations. One would like to think that Ottawa would encourage American newspapers—from the local but famously distant *Windsor Star* to special correspondents here. Instead it nourishes a policy that drives American reporters out. All of them have found it into the new Volkswagen Bug.

There are at least two dozen correspondents from the major American papers stationed in Mexico. Outside of the *Wall Street Journal's* business reporters, there are now—and only recently—two in Canada. It is worse than ridiculous. It is insane. And no one at the top of this dysfunctional Liberal government wants to do anything about it.

Foreign correspondents—especially from the United States—get paid, along with their salaries, housing allowances, moving expenses, school tuition and whatever. Since the paper staffers need all this additional compensation to make income, the American newspaper owners pay the additional tax for their valued correspondents—and then Ottawa taxes the tax reimbursement as an additional benefit.

Anthony DePalma, a star in the *New York Times* restaurant who ran the Canada bureau in the late '90s, complained, "I paid taxes on the taxes and then taxes on the taxes on the taxes." Understandably, the world's best newspaper yanked its bureau from Canada. It fell to the hellacious scenario of the *Times's* Canadian correspondent, James Brodie, "serving" Canada from his base in Denver. When he was transferred to Tokyo, the *Times's* Canadian correspondent became Barbara Crockett, who lived outside of Philadelphia.

The *Los Angeles Times* parked its main

So did the *Detroit Free Press*. The *Boston Globe* now "covers" Canada with a chap who lives in Vermont and trips across the border to check on things in Montreal. Until recently, the lone Yankee—outside of the lawless—to pierce the world's longest undefended border has been DeNeen Boren, a very smart lady from the *Washington Post*.

During all this, Ottawa so always—the town this far forgot—remains oblivious to the these pining about that tells the best of American journalism that we don't want them in our country. Robert Thompson, the famed intellect who was national leader of the Social Credit camp in the 1960s, became famous for the only famous thing he ever said: "Americans are our best friends, whether we like it or not."

He of course, in his own obscure way, was correct. At a time when the *Wicks* throw in the newspapers poor Quebec pay-whobought some cheap gas across the border, we welcome one-for-one into Clifford Kousa, the *New York Times's* brave attempt to shake some sense into the Ottawa liberal party. After complaining about the unfair tax burden on its employees—in 1998 the bill was US\$12,000—the top bloated on the top of the most important sheet on the globe decided to respect their Canada bureau.

Cliff Kousa is all New York, brash and bright and ambitious, with all those characteristics of *The City That Never Sleeps* in writing, loud, opinionated, completely honest, completely innocent. He is obviously a rising star in the paper that produces the serious reporters in our trade that Kipling called the "black art." He has just spent four years in wonderful Buenos

Ottawa nourishes a tax policy that drives out U.S. correspondents. It is worse than ridiculous. It is insane.

Aires, the most European city in Latin America, and has learned that while southern continent, in January, at 48, marrying a classy Peruvian girl.

The best observers of any country, any new culture, are foreigners. The outsider detects things the natives never realize. Within months in his new Toronto base, Cliff Kousa discovered a *True Cry* of homeless scraps—"practically in the shadows of Canada's richest banks." This scribbler, ever alert, did not know there was a *True Cry* in Toronto. After Kousa, who has a column in this week's issue, and the *Times* embarrassed Toronto, the city and the security guards jumped and crashed the place.

When the *CanLac* elite hoard of about Canada living three or four on the short list for Britain's almighty Booker Prize, the policy rule Kousa pointed out that, shame, of the three, Carol Shields moved to Canada only because she was following her husband and still holds an American passport along with her Canadian one; *Robinson May* was born in India and *Tara Marmel*, the eventual winner, was born in Spain. And then there's *Giller Prize* winner *Aurora Clarke*, who is from Bahamas. Kousa's dispatch made the *CanLac* crowd think a bit. I hated Kousa for not making that point before he did.

Perseus are us here—and more accurately, DeNeen Boren, a product of the University of Kansas, at 21 was a copy editor at the *Washington Post*. Now 37, she was off last week in Labrador, to do a follow-up on the grim fate of those tragic kids who still gasoline to us to down their sorrow. She's headed for *Saskatchewan* to write about the dying farms and she has the phone numbers of all my 113 relatives. Her *Washington Post* never closed. In *Buenos Aires*—despite the Ottawa tax time—because the late Katherine Graham as owner led the No. 1 paper in the capital of the United States should have a correspondent covering the capital of Canada. Cliff Kousa, with his following style, will undoubtedly convert to *Times* readers (and Canadian news editors) some facts and figures and realities that no one else had thought about.

And Ottawa, in its own brand of ignorance, will continue to let the tax collectors drive out of Canada the best friends we've ever had, whether we like it or not.

Allan Fotheringham appears every other issue at fotheringham@mediascan.ca



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LIVING WITH GRIZZLY BEARS

A Canadian couple challenges the animals' reputation as ferocious killers

SITTING IN THE COZY kitchen of their handsome post-and-rail home in the foothills country near Cadzow, Alta., Charlie Russell and Maureen Enns recall the far more cramped lodgings where they spent much of the past seven years. On the remote Kamchatka Peninsula on Russia's northeastern coast, Russell, 61, a former rancher and wilderness guide, and Enns, 53, a painter and photographer, have been conducting a bold experiment to see if humans can live at close quarters with grizzly bears and survive to tell the tale. Home base is an isolated cabin built where no one else has lived for centuries—and where, even in winter, wind, rain and snow stream on the porches. During the early stages of the project, Russell and

Enns, who met and became a couple only a year before launching the Russian project, sometimes found themselves trapped and stuck together for two weeks at a stretch. "It was horrible in some ways," says Russell. "We couldn't get away from each other." Against Enns, with a heavy laugh. "It was definitely dish time. Aggression was felt more towards each other than with the bears."

Alas, the bears. The volcano-sidled Kamchatka Peninsula, encompassing a land mass bigger than California, has a human population of only 350,000. But it boasts the world's highest concentration of grizzly

bears, an estimated 10,000 to 20,000 animals in all. Even by the impressive standards of grizzlies, these bears are imposing: female adults weigh up to 360 kg, and males up to 675—roughly twice the size of their central U.S. counterparts. Located 100 km from the nearest major town, Russell and Enns' cabin is in an area where hundreds of grizzlies travel each summer and fall to fish salmon-rich rivers and streams. The couple chose the spot because of how little contact the bears had with humans—or so they thought when the project began. Russell and Enns wanted to test a controversial theory: Grizzlies, they contend, are not the inherently ferocious man-killers depicted in everything from children's fairy tales to

wildlife management textbooks. The bears, they say, are only as dangerous as humans make them—and, if treated with trust and respect, they will return the same.

Russell and Enns came to their beliefs separately but in similar manner. Russell, the son of renowned Alberta naturalist and author Andy Russell, saw his first grizzly at age 7 while riding horseback at the family ranch near Banff in Alberta. Raised in a family of farmers, the younger Russell was exposed early on to all the usual canny tales of grizzlies as savage predators who can never be trusted around humans or domestic livestock. But it never quite squared with his own experience. Shootings killed an uncertainty on grizzlies with his father and brother Dick in the early 1960s. Russell feared the bears instantly fled for cover whenever they approached—and the two decided to dispense with their rifles. As if sensing the danger had eased, the animals began to come closer. Later, grizzlies were the quiet visitors to the ranch Russell operated in southern Alberta for two decades. He

did nothing to discourage them and they in turn, left his cattle unharmed.

But Russell's most profound encounter came in the early 1990s while guiding bear watchers to Canada's only grizzly sanctuary in northwestern British Columbia. One day an animal Russell knew, and had dubbed the Moose Creek Bear, approached to be swung on a moss-covered log. After Russell spoke to the female grizzly in the calm voice he could muster, the cat down beside him, extended a paw and gently touched his hand. Russell reached the bear's nose and then, without touching, dipped his fingers inside her mouth and felt them along her grinding teeth. "She could have bit my hand, and the rest of me, for dinner," marvels Russell, "but she did not."

Enns grew up on a ranch in the B.C. interior where grizzlies were frequent visitors. She was terrified of them. But in 1991, while riding the backcountry in Banff National Park, Enns came within arms' reach of a grizzly and her one-year-old cub. To Enns' amazement, her horse did not take flight and

Cubs hunt two speeds: full throttle, as when swimming with trout, and complete stop

the bear did not attack. Instead, she was able to film as the mother bear calmly lay aged. When Enns last saw Russell two years later, they compared notes, and clicked "It's no suggestion," she says, "to say that bears brought us together."

Their initial experiences in Russia were disappointing. The bears were plentiful but avoided contact with humans. As Russell recounts in his recently published book, *Grizzly Heart: Living Without Fear Among The Brown Bears Of Kamchatka*, he continued to try to soothe the bears with calm language. He once found himself crouched on his haunches, literally begging a female grizzly not to run away, "an audition for the matinee in human terms," he chuckles. Yet at soon as the bear caught whiff of him, she sped off.

Russell and Enns concluded that even the bears of remote Kamchatka had been conditioned to fear humans. They soon learned that, for decades, the bears had been hunted down from a nearby village. While the hunt was now illegal, poachers continued to stalk the peninsula. The couple's response was twofold. They helped establish an anti-poaching program in the region, which has proven highly effective. And, to speed up their research, they adopted five orphaned grizzly cubs from a Russian zoo and flew them to their cabin.

The three cubs, whose couple named Choco, Biscuit and Xena, are the real stars of *Grizzly Heart*. In the early 1990s, Russell and Enns fed the bears bowls of wolf-dog seeds to supplement their diet and helped teach them how to fish for salmon. They built them an outdoor "cub-pen," using electric fencing that mimicked their movements to protect them from predator bears. Eventually, they killed the fencing and stopped the feeding, forcing the grizzlies to adapt to the wild. As they did so, Russell and Enns couldn't help but feel this worried, of proud, parents. "Neither of us got a wink of sleep that night," writes Russell of the first time they let the bears move at will.

To the couple's delight, the cubs continued to recognize and trust them, even through long periods of separation and as they grew into independent adult bears. When Russell and Enns returned after two years spent in Canada, they would be greeted by the grizzlies, who would rub their



Note: carrying out bear guard duties on Enns and the cubs hate the Kamchatka Peninsula

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Canada

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focus on the tracks of the beavers, watching the secret, and then run circles around them excitedly. They could swim with the bears or sit quietly, gazing into their eyes. Russell and Chico have even developed their own version of a "high-five." The bear flops on her back and reaches out a flipper, Russell then knots his fingers through her claws.

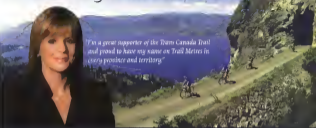
Some will argue that Russell and Elvis enjoy a unique bond with the adopted bears, which has kept them from harm's way. But they point out they have befriended several wild grizzlies in the region, most notably the one they call Brandy. Through two sons of cubs, Brandy has been remarkably tolerant of the encroachers, even when they got between her and her offspring—long considered the classic trigger for bear-human conflict. Brandy's cubs, meanwhile, greet and interact with Russell and Elvis with the same casual playfulness as the adopted bears.

Russell believes that with the cessation of poaching at their end of the peninsula, the grizzly's conditions of life in humans is rapidly changing, providing the opportunity to develop a new and healthier relationship with the animals. However, he acknowledges that it would take longer to effect the same changes arising far more frequently harassed Canadian cities—and that, in the interim, it would be dangerous for individuals to try to approach the animals here as the way he and Elvis do in Russia.

All the same, Russell thinks the Russian project has already helped to undermine conventional wisdom about bears. For example, it has long been thought that bears cannot be given supplementary food because, once the source is cut off, they will turn hostile—something that didn't happen with the orphaned cubs. Had that lesson been applied, says Russell, it could have prevented the carnage that saw 1,300 bears shot and killed in 1998 when droughty rains in parts of British Columbia and Alberta forced the animals into valley bottoms in search of berries—and into contact with the people who lived there. Simply feeding the bears was never considered an option.

In a similar vein, Russell would dearly love to see Canada end the legal grizzly bear hunt, which still claims more than 300 an annuity. "You can't help but view humans as your enemy if you're being shot at all the time," observes Russell. "We need to drop old prejudices long enough to reach out and start over."

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VALERIE PRINGLE is a broadcast journalist and an active Trans Canada Trail Board Member.

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ALL IN THE FAMILY BED

Where should our child sleep? I realized there was only one answer: with us.

"WHY WOULD ANYONE leave their child to cry for 45 minutes?" my nine-year-old asked in amazement. We'd just listened to a radio story about something a six-year-old child told an "open" nursing home at a family counseling center advocated closing the door and leaving the child to cry herself to sleep. After a few nights of this, she maintained, your child will learn to fall asleep on her own.

If I heard this approach to the question of children and sleep before. Nonetheless, I was so rattled and distressed now as the first time. When age six was an infant, I even came across the suggestion that if you found your child's cries too upsetting, you should muffle the sounds with a rolled-up towel at the foot of the door. Or the advice to tuck little one into bed with his teddy bear so that if she wakes, rather than disturb Mommy and Daddy she'll soothe herself back to sleep by clutching teddy.

This violated every maternal fibre in my body. Surely I was a mother 24 hours a day. Surely my son had a right to be nurtured during nighttime hours as well as daylight. He learns to fall asleep after a few minutes of grooved howls, I reasoned, surely that's because he's learned a sad message, my parent is present only during waking hours and will not provide me with the love and security I need at night. Never was I going to cry herself to sleep an option.

Ultimately, not only would we share the howl muffer and teddy animal, my husband, son and I would opt for the family bed—that is, all of us snuggling into the sanctified, every night, all night through. But first I had some learning to do.

During my pregnancy, many expert-parents, lovingly prepared a nursery. The room would surely be used. Nixy was delivered by Caesarian section, and for a few weeks climbing into her room respective bed rooms was out of the question. We temporarily converted a downstairs room into a bedroom for the three of us.

How right that felt, all of us together in

the same bed! When we moved upstairs again, I went through the motions of putting Nixy in his crib. Noting of course, Nixy would fall asleep nursing in my arms, but so soon as I transferred him to his crib then he woke crying. After a few sleepless nights for long. Gradually, as we put down during the night I would bring him into bed with us, using fatigue and the approach of dawn as justification. Not yet ready to fully embrace the family bed concept, I put him on top of the covers, down around my knees, rather than under the covers between us. Often he cried until I had him in my chest, where he happily fell asleep.

I nervously broadcast the matter with other parents and received varying skeptical looks and comments.

"Children need to learn to sleep by them-selves."

"I'd never sleep with my child—I like our sleeping up to my husband at night."

"Don't bring the breaks when we moved our three-year-old into her own room!"

Fortunately, there were other voices at the wilderness, parents who believed that



sleeping with one's children is not over-protective, does not lead to sexual abuse, and does not rob the parents of a sexual relationship (most slip away to another room for sex). In fact, the kids (and parents) thrived on this closeness. In Minnesota writer Tina Thayer's book *The Family Bed*, I read that in many cultures around the world, tribal and industrialized, children and parents routinely share the same bed. In Western culture, separate rooms are a recent phenomenon, a response to concerns about spreading germs, changing moral attitudes, and the impact of industrialization, which saw top estate rooms as an expression of prosperity and thus status. Prior to this, people commonly slept in the same room in which they ate and lived. Parents, children, and even servants and visitors could share the same bed.

I'd never forget the night I backed the trend and followed my intuition. Very tired, I shared the night with Nixy in bed with me, standing to move him to his crib once he'd started to sleep. As I looked at him, soothed and slumbering peacefully, I knew that in my heart of hearts I wanted him there beside me. I also knew that he needed me there, a heartbeat away, not in a room that to an infant was feel separated by ocean. Not until he was ready to mobilize on again sleep by himself. This moveover was palpable to us both. With a small sigh, Nixy needed closer. We sleep soundly and intimately and peacefully were of one another.

This was my first lesson in the importance of listening to my child and of trusting that powerful intuition that all mothers have, rather than imposing without question a societal view that may not be healthy. Other mothers I knew warmly complemented of interrupted naps responding to the cries of young ones in other parts of the house, which I rolled over in bed, pulled my son close, nursed and tuckled him back to sleep.

As Nixy grew, we replaced our queen-sized bed with an enormous foam mattress. Around age 4, the woman across-the-oven. Now 10, he still sleeps with us on occasion and a never raised me. Robotic voices while cooing together remain an integral part of his life. Interestingly his father or I fall asleep with him, moving to our own bed a while later. Nixy didn't need to be taught to sleep by himself. He grew into it, just as he learned to crawl, walk and talk. ■

Allison Rew is a writer in Pittsboro, N.C. In contrast: overtopful mothers too.



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THE GAME SELLS ITSELF

In a tough sports market, the CFL is gaining ground

NO EXAGGERATION: The 1996 Grey Cup (left) built on the most important Canadian football League game ever. During the week leading up to the championship, dedicated news outlets were poised to dissect the old league because it was moribund and no prospect for recovery were bleak. Set in the wound, Hamilton was pounded by a game-day blizzard that made it look like hell on wheels on wheels. But on the game night, and the magic of three down football took over. The Edmonton Eskimos and Toronto Argonauts, despite the icy field, waged a spellbinding, high-scoring battle that wasn't settled until the final seconds. By the time the Argonauts led the Eskimos 43-37, fans, sponsors and owners had been reminded what a lion it would be if the CFL weren't around anymore. And the moribund league acquired a pulse.

Which brings us to 2002. This week's Grey Cup will be the last contact at all, as Montreal's TV audience, and it's in Edmonton, the world's best sports town, so the four-day party will be fun no matter how the game plays out. And while Commissioner Ed Stanger's capacity crowd at the stadium of last year's game in Montreal (65,355), it's not far off (60,217).

But if you're looking for a completely unscientific assessment of the league's recent game, try this: it doesn't need to be saved by this week's Cup. It's doing just fine with one it—a one league official said, the big game is "the cherry on the chocolate" this season. Yes, it's a bad sign that the owners can't seem to find a commissioner to replace Mike Lysak, whom they fired before the season. Franchises in Vancouver, Hamilton and Toronto are shaky, and this season's 3.4 per cent decline in per-game ticket sales from 2001 is a concern that corporate sponsorship revenue isn't an all-time high, a new Ottawa franchise was successfully launched, and TV ratings have exploded. "We're not all the way to where we want to be yet," says Brent Schemm, CFL senior vice-president of marketing. "But there's strong support for our brand of football across the

The game's in Edmonton, the world's best sports town, so the four-day party will be fun no matter what happens out on the field.

Not long ago, Grey Cups like last year's in Montreal were all that saved the CFL.

country, and we're building on that."

It's the TV world that has CFL fans thumping their chests. Audience numbers in most big-market pro-sports have stalled or declined in recent years because there are now so many other channels from which to choose. So network marketing departments hold parties if ratings climb by a point or two. In the CFL, by contrast, audience for the two Nov. 18 playoff games on CBC rose by 44 per cent over last year to an average of more than one million for each game. TSN's ratings climbed by a startling 26 per cent this season, and overall by 118 per cent since 1997. So now, after decades of losing viewers to U.S. telecasts of National Football League games, the CFL is becoming the dominant football property on the tube.

TSN's downward climb of the credit. Since buying the broadcast rights in 1997, the cable sports channel has transformed its Friday Night Football into its signature program. It has invested heavily in production and promotion, creating a package with better camera work, glitzy halftime show acts and more recognizable on-air personalities. The key was focusing on the game because, back in 1997, that was about the only thing the CFL had going for it. "When we first did this, the league was in terrible shape," says Phil King, TSN's senior vice-president of programming. "But the fans speak for themselves: ratings on TSN have increased every year for five years, and no other sport can make that claim."

There's likely more to come. CBC may follow TSN's lead and establish a regular Sunday night game next summer. "It helps to have a stable time slot," says Nancy Lee, executive director of CBC Sports, "because fans know when to tune in." And Toronto, a city awash in entertainment options, appears to have rediscovered the game. Blog-town rarely waned to the Argos even when their 41-minute impromptu hit Matt Dunigan and Doug Flutie were quarterbacking the double hit. Yet by the end of the season, fans were roaring the SkyDome. Now cheering might not seem like much of an accomplishment in a league where Montreal, but in battered down Toronto, all that screaming and hollering was a revelation. Which only goes to prove, once again, the magic of the red-clad football. □



Unendangered Species

THEIR ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO THE POINT OF ENDANGERED SPECIES THAT, OFTEN, THE GREATEST SUDDEN SPECIES ARE OVERLOOKED, AND THERE ARE SOME GREAT SPECIES TO BE SAVED.

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, SPECIES LIKE WHITE-TAILED DEER, MOOSE, BEAR, AND WILD TURKEY, ALL OF THESE ANIMALS ARE INDIGENOUS TO ONTARIO. THERE ARE MORE OF THESE ANIMALS NOW THAN THERE WERE IN 1900, AND ALL ARE DOING EXCEPTIONALLY WELL AS ARE THE MANY OTHER SPECIES THAT SHARE ONTARIO'S NATURAL HABITAT.

WHEN CANADA AND, FOR THAT MATTER, ALL OF NORTH AMERICA WAS SETTLED, WILDLIFE EXISTED IN THE HUNDREDS — A RECOVERING INDUSTRIAL SUPPLY OF FOOD AND ANIMAL RELATED PRODUCTS. THE CONSERVATION MOVEMENT WAS UNDEVELOPED AND, AT THE SAME TIME, THE TRACTS OF FOREST WERE CLEARED FOR SUMMER AND TO MAKE WAY FOR TOWNS, AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY. IT SEEMED ALMOST CERTAIN THAT AN ENORMOUS SUPPLY OF WILDLIFE WOULD BECOME VERY, VERY LIMITED.

THE LOSS OF WILDLIFE AND WILDLIFE HABITAT HEAVILY AFFECTED THE NEW AND NEWLY DEVELOPED IN OUR COUNTRY AND, USUALLY, HUNTERS AND ANGLERS WERE THE FIRST TO BAND TOGETHER TO FORM THE FIRST CONSERVATION GROUPS.

FROM HUNTER BEGINNINGS, THE CONSERVATION MOVEMENT HAS GROWN AND ACHIEVED SOME MARVELLOUS RESULTS. GOVERNMENTS WERE FORCED TO BRING LAWS INTO BEING TO PROTECT WILDLIFE, WILDLIFE OF NATURAL OF WILDLIFE HABITAT HAVE BEEN ENHANCED AND PROTECTED. COUNTLESS HOURS OF VOLUNTEER EFFORT AND DONATIONS HAVE LED TO UNPARALLELED RESEARCH AND UNDERSTANDING OF WILDLIFE DYNAMICS. SPECIES, SUCH AS THE ELK AND WILD TURKEY, ARE BEING RESTORED TO THEIR NATIVE RANGES.

CONSIDER THE BAY OF QUINCY, A WATERBODIES THAT, IN 1934, WAS CONSIDERED EXTINCT. FROM A SMALL REMNANT POPULATION, THEY WERE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EDGE BY HUNTERS AND HUNTING GROUPS. WATERFOWL HABITAT WAS PROTECTED, LAND WERE CHARTERED, AND BREEDER AND REINTRODUCTION PROGRAMS IMPLEMENTED. TODAY, CANADIAN BAY OF QUINCY IS RIGHT THROUGHOUT ALL OF THEIR HISTORIC RANGES AND, IN SOME CASES, IN NUMBERS EXCEEDING ON PREVIOUS LEVELS.

THE WILD TURKEY, ONCE COMPLETELY WILD BUT IN ONTARIO, WERE CONSIDERED BY HUNTERS IN 1964, AND NOW OVER 25,000 OF THESE BIRDS ARE BORN EACH YEAR IN THIS PROVINCE. ABOUT 100 YEARS AGO THE WILD TURKEY WAS ALMOST EXTINCT BECAUSE OF COMMERCIAL DEMAND FOR ITS FEATHERS. BUT, ONCE AGAIN, THANKS TO HUNTERS AND THEIR EFFORTS, THIS IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST COMMON BIRDS.

MOOSE WERE ONCE SO RARE THAT FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND WERE COMPLETELY HUNTED FROM 1880 TO 1890. NOW, THIRDS IN NUMBERS OVER 100,000 IN ONTARIO, MOOSE ARE AGAIN A FAMILIAR PART OF OUR NATURAL LANDSCAPE. ELK WERE ALSO RARE IN ONTARIO AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY BUT, SINCE 1987, HUNTERS HAVE BEEN WORKING HARD TO RE-ESTABLISH THESE BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS HERE.

THANKS TO HUNTERS, THERE ARE A GREAT MANY UNENDANGERED SPECIES AND WE ARE PROUD OF OUR EFFORTS THAT HAVE PROVIDED A NEW WILDLIFE LEGACY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS OF CANADIANS.

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THREE WHO FACED DEATH

The bomber crew barely survived for 10 days on an icy crag off Greenland

In October, 1945, American pilot Robert Coffman and his crew of two Canadians—Flying Officer Norman E. (Tad) Greenaway from Canowau, Alta., and Wireless Operator Ronald Innes from Digby, N.S.—were flying a bomber from Scotland to Canada when engine failure forced them to ditch in icy, unforgiving waters off Greenland. Miraculously, they survived brutal conditions for 10 days on an icy crag before being rescued as they prepared for death. Their dramatic tale is one of 30 in *On the Battlefields: Two World Wars That Shaped a Nation*, a collection of war stories from the archives of Maclean's published by Penguin Canada. An excerpt from Coffman's first person account as it appeared in the March 4, 1944 issue.

WE DROPPED 3,000 FEET in less than a minute, diving straight at the sea, and I thought, "This is it." But she came out of it at 1,000 feet and I coasted back the stick and pointed her nose for Greenland. About 15 miles from the coast we were down to 500 feet and I decided to bring her down on the water.

There was ice on the sea and a vast pack of bergs and floes, but I got out a clear lane and told the boys I was going down. The tail slipped down on the sea and the drag of it pulled the ship down on her belly with a shock that ripped off the bomb bays and stove in the plenum at the nose.

We had to move fast. She was sinking like a stone. Tad grabbed the emergency kit and we climbed on top of the ship and looked for the dinghy. It was a risk, really, a small thing of thin waterproofed fabric, shaped like a six-foot rubber-leaf. Acarbon-dioxide cartridge inflated it automatically when the ship struck water. And there it was, bobbing at the end of its mooring. We went out on the port wing, already three inches awash, got in with the emergency kit and paddled clear. The ship gave a quarter roll to the right and went down, a little more than a minute after she hit the sea. That was about 11 a.m. Greenland time on Oct. 14.

Before long we entered the ice. Progress



Seven, it, who spotted the ship that rescued them, is the only crew member alive today

was terribly slow. By dark we were well into the pack and the ice turned bitterly cold. Our boots and gloves were soaked and began to freeze. Soon we noticed by the stars that we and the pack were drifting south-west. This general movement and the strange slow dance of the bergs produced a series of tremendous collisions all through the pack. The floes ground together with shell squalls, the little bergs groaned and growled.

We shot flares and waved the flag, but it did no good. From that height, we were invisible.

and the big ones boomed like thunder. For 20 hours on end—14 of them in darkness—we paddled and pushed and pulled that frail thing through these. We had a good look at the Greenland shore for the first time, and what we saw was disconcerting. We had been staring for a shallow bay with a wide fringe of dark cliffs. Now we saw that the "cliffs" were in fact the blue face of an enormous glacier extending up and down the coast for miles, and that glacier was launching masses of ice into the sea at frequent intervals.

So we turned for a huge rock standing out of the sea on the southwest side of the bay. It was of grey stone, speckled with patches of ice and snow, and rising to a height somewhere between 1,000 and 2,500 feet.

We reached it at seven on the morning of Oct. 15, weary and stiff with cold. Ron landed first but his hands were numb and he

lost his hold and nearly fell back into the sea. "When he got a firm grip he tossed him the line and he drew us in through the surge. Ted and I scrambled out. Then the line parted and we nearly lost the dinghy and everything on it. Ted and I jumped into the water and grabbed it just in time. The sea was something less than 90 degrees Fahrenheit and it nipped our legs and thighs painfully. We knew we must find a ledge where we could rest together and where the dinghy would be safe from wind and sun, so we started up the rocky slope, dragging the thing, clinging for a hold in the crevices.

About 100 feet up was a ledge, a poor thing, just big enough for the boat. We left it there temporarily and went on to a better ledge about 50 feet higher. There we shed our wet flying suits, wrung them out and spread them to the sun to "dry." What a hope! In that latitude in October the sun describes a low arc in the southern sky. For two hours before and after noon there is an absence of warmth, no more, enough to melt the snow a little in the sheltered places. We discarded our shoes, frozen hard as wood, and wore only our flying boots.

The emergency kit contained a Verylight pistol and a couple of dozen fires, a helicopter, a small flag on a telescoping aluminum shaft, 133 melted milk tablets about three-quarters of an inch square, 12 small squares of barley sugar, 12 sticks of chewing gum, 12 pint tins of water, a pack of Bessie's rice "merry pills" and a fine old kit. And we had a few melted chocolate bars in our pockets.

We went down and dragged the dinghy up to the second ledge, and just got there when we heard aircraft engines. I grabbed the Very pistol and Ron took the flag. They passed right overhead, a Portinco and a Liberator, headed for Iceland at 10,000 feet. I fired six flares and Ron waved the flag, all at once. From that height we were invisible. This was confirmed later in the afternoon when another Liberator over, about 10 miles from us and very high. We shot flares and waved the flag, but it was all good.

We were reassured on that windy rock between the glacier and the sea. As for rescue by sea, it was October, the beginning of the Greenland winter, when ships had no business on that coast at all. It was better not to think about it. We hunted for a cave but found none. The rock had no vegetation but lichens and a small plant shaped like a shrivelled Bessie's spout. Later we used



Greenaway, Coffman and Snow were treated in a Montreal hospital before flying again.

able. But we found a water supply, on five days the moon was melted the snow a little and the water lay in fissures of the rock.

We decided on a daily ration—three bits of chocolate and three melted milk tablets (or three pieces of barley sugar) per man. Ted and Ron had 20 cigarettes and they allowed themselves three a day, lighting one and passing it back and forth.

The true nature of our problems in survival was clear in the first few hours—the key to it was that thin waterproof fabric of the dinghy. We must tie it close together and cover ourselves with it, tucking it tightly in the sides and ends, not merely to keep out the weather but to hold in the warmth of our breath and our bodies, and we must stay that way, wrapped in this yellow shroud, breathing the cool air over and over, day and night, conserving our heat and our energy, until rescue came—or death.

Toward midnight a wind sprang up, whipping snow and sleet. The storm bore upon us all that night, all the next day, and all the following night. On the fourth morning, day broke clear but by dark it was blowing great gusts and there was a tremendous sea.

If this last hope was denied, we wanted to take the blow standing up—and looking out over the sea.

The breaking waves threw sheets of spray down at our ledge, 150 feet above sea level. We stuck it for a while but soon we lay in a pool of salt water and had to get out.

The day before, Ron and I had reached a good ledge another 150 feet up. We decided to make for it. That was a nightmare. As soon as we stood up, the scintillating gale caught at the dinghy fabric and nearly dragged us off the ledge bodily. Somehow we hung on to it, and to the rock, and slowly, painfully, crept up the steep face with it. In the pitch dark we had to fumble for hand and foothold. But we reached the ledge at last and crept crouched under the fabric, tucking the edges under our bodies to hold it down. We lay there on the bare rock through the night—and through the next day and night. During the day we crept out one by one to eat snow, and we found a few lichens in the rock full of water.

It was the 10th day on the rock, the day black, the gale still at full force. There would be no search for us after this. There was no blinding the hard fact, so we faced it. Now how we would again, not keeping any more but creeping slowly, and there was time to think at last. It was Ron who suggested prayer. We discussed a prayer in committee. Ron and Ted were Protestants—the United Church of Canada (I am a Roman Catholic). We found that our different religious teachings contained a great thing in common. One was the Lord's Prayer. It was simple, yet it said everything. It was humble without whining. It was what we wanted. So we repeated it aloud together, then, and

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every day and night that remained to us.

The slightest movement was a struggle. Our bodies ached and our lips were chafed raw. We lay in silence except for the daily and nightly prayers. Our faces were gaunt and bearded, our lips dry and cracked. The nails had ceased to grow with the first freezing of our fingertips on the ropes through the ice, as if our bodies had begun to die even then.

On the eighth day the snowfall ceased, but the clouds hung dark and low and then there was a faint haze over the sea. We got out and tried to dig the snow away from our running place, but we were too weak even for that. Suddenly "tid" came. "There's a ship!" We got to our feet and stared. Far to sea, 10 miles perhaps, we made out a small dark shape in the haze. We were doubtful. We had been fooled many times by the ice. Yet this thing did look like a ship. You could make out two masts. There we noticed it was moving north, against the coastal drift. There was reason for the hope. I took the pistol and fired half a dozen times at five minute intervals. A fire is a poor thing in daylight, a dull red spark falling swiftly into the sea, a thin trail of blue smoke, nothing more. The ship or illusion, whatever it was, disappeared.

On the 10th morning—Oct. 24—the sky cleared and toward noon we crawled out feebly and sat against the rock. Suddenly a youthful aircraft engine. We crawled into the fog and saw a plane fly inland to the coast, like all the others flying at about 10,000 feet, too far, too high to see three human specks. It dwindled and vanished. That seemed the last straw. And then, in that afternoon of lost hope, when I think we had all resigned ourselves to death and were wondering who would be the first to go, Ron's voice came to us, cracked and cracked. One word—"Ship!" We scrambled out, from instinct more than anything else. We had been tickled so many times for anything like real hope. Far out to sea we saw it again, that illusion of two days ago, the two masts, the low stability hull.

We propped ourselves against the rock and took up the helio mirror and pistol. Our hands were too numb to hold either very long. Rekindled fires at five minute intervals, then I fired three. Soon we were down to our last three, and I had no faith in them. It was the helio or nothing. The sea was bright and in the right quarter. We caught the coast on the mirror and waggled the thing slightly to make it flash—needless in our case because our bare hands shook like leaves.



The volume has 30 war stories from the archives of Maclean's

We took turns, one working the helio while the others raked their hands under their armpits, trying to coax some life into the fingers. We all knew this was the end, one way or the other. If this last hope was denied we wanted to take death standing up, as a man should, and looking out over the sea.

It seemed impossible that the glint of that small thing could be seen at 10 or 15 miles. We were asking for a miracle. A small dark shape detached itself from the ship and came slowly toward us. The object drew nearer. It became a boat, with the gleam of oars rising and falling. It pulled straight for the rock. But we kept working the little mirror, long after we made out the figures of the men, long after we saw the face of the steersman looking straight up at us as we kept flashing and flashing and flashing.

The ship was the whaler "Polar Bear," under charter to the U.S. Army, up there to establish a position in one of the east Greenland fjords. But, mark how the Almighty works, the ship was the last one to make the trip down the coast. And her engines had broken down—which was why she had stopped.

We had the best possible treatment on the "Polar Bear" and at the U.S. Army post in Greenland where we were taken. From there we were down to Montreal where some of the ablest doctors in Canada fought to save our feet. But got off lightest. I lay in hospital until Christmas while the lids came slowly back to my fingertips and toes. It was, I feel, the most wonderful of all, when I freed myself. After six weeks, the doctors and nurses managed to save his face, but they had to amputate practically all of his toes.

There was one thing more to say. We three earned to fly again.

All three men did return to the air, survived the war and had numerous missions thereafter. Ron Stone, who later ran a successful flooring business, is the only one of the trio still alive. He lives in Annapolis, Ont., just outside Hamilton.



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Television



LIFE IS A BEACH—AGAIN

An old show is reborn, and a new series has legs

OH, COME ON, FESS UP. You liked it. But that's okay, you weren't alone back then—everybody watched *The Beachcombers*. Once, in the '70s, more people searched for Nick and his pals than for *Mocky Night* in Canada. And the show did run 19 years (1972-1990). Nineteen years! So, we're all more sophisticated now, right?

But you haven't changed as much as you think. You'll like *The New Beachcombers*, a CBC movie airing on Nov. 25, and not just because of nostalgia—swill those who never followed the misadventures in Gibsons, B.C. It could have been awful. Because, let's be honest, Nick's dead. So's Katie. So's Molly. I mean, really dead. Bruno Ganz. Robert Clothier. Rae Brown, they've all died. So the series could have been mawkish or sentimental or worse—it could have poked fun at the original or at these dancery

Brady Beach scenarios. Instead, it simply acknowledges that time has passed, then gets on with the job—friendly little plot/dove triangle, real estate shenanigans, earnest action (newcomers to this fictional world, for the most part), quirky characters (Dave Thomas is a stand-out as a secondarily, go-gate security).

And it's still a lot of fun. Turns out *Beachcombing* was so much a philosophy as a show, and in the end the movie is reminiscent of nothing so much as the *Star Trek* movies—the good ones, that is, the ones that knew, without going precious about it, that life was serious but not grim, that it was about camaraderie, getting by and having the occasional laugh.

The new installment, featuring Graham Greene, is as winning as the old series.

"Gosh, I miss him," sighs former RCMP Const., now staff Sgt. John Cusack (played by original cast member Jackson Draven, also co-executive producer) when he finds out Nick is dead. Draven gets the moment just right, and you feel like he's waited a long time to say it. Nod to him and the rest of the old hands—as well as the newbies—for carrying the torch. **MEAGAN MULLIN**

TEENAGERS WONDERING what to be when they grow up must get terribly confused by this surreal job fair known as prime-time television. All the professions look so enticing. The doctors, nurses and personalities dwell in a cleavage-friendly world where the excitement—and the come-ons from colleagues—never stop. The teachers are forever trying, and failing, to maintain their own libidos and those of their charges. Ditto for court TV lawyers, politicians and cops. A lot of kids must scratch their heads when they imagine men and did at the office.

It takes a little dramatic series to touch on such wistful aspects of working life as being so held forever, or boredom or unanswered phone calls or compensating human error. But that's not the only reason to check out *The Eleventh Hour*, the Alliance Atlantis-produced CTV series debuting on Nov. 26. The show is smart and compelling, and features authentic-seeming characters.

It's about an investigative TV show, but *The Eleventh Hour* doesn't romanticize journalism. In fact, it presents their work in a fairly truthful way. In the opening episode, ramped crusader Dennis (Shawn Doyle) discovers a loft apartment building (rented by necessity. But while impugning one of the occupants, he's not above speculating cynically about whether one of them will cry on camera). In episode two, Karol (the charismatic Jeff Seymour) clashes bitterly with conservative anchor Deacon (John Nephew) while probing an incident of air rage.

Meanwhile, everyone's up on arms over the hiring of young beauty Kennedy Marsh (Diana Krall) as senior producer. Kennedy is fresh from a hugely popular tabloid TV show. Her insistence on "happening" visual prompts Dennis to denigrate her as a "TV," while Megan (Sophie Street), the female anchor, is astonished when the new, sex-lube-soaked reporter tries a different hairstyle. *The Eleventh Hour* does have some gay and unbelieveable moments, but this is a show with addictive potential. **PATRICK MEYER**

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Film | BY BRIAN BETHUNE

CHAMBER OF MARVELS

Harry Potter, take two, is as stylish as the original

HARRY'S BACK. Harry Potter that is, boy wizard and pop culture phenomenon. For fans the great bookish void that has stretched for two years since author J.K. Rowling last published has been made bearable only by film adaptations. Last year the faithful, who turned the bookish into the best-seller, who turned the bookish into the best-seller's son of all time, also bled to the movie *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, which has so far taken in \$1.5 billion. Now they're going to be just as happy with *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*. It's a gorgeous looking, as faithful to Rowling's holy writ, and, at 164 minutes, even longer than *Philosopher's Stone*. Unlike Harry himself, who's now in his second year at the venerable Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, director Chris Columbus has learned nothing new (Well, almost nothing—he does seem to have acquired a taste for *Lord of the Rings* style wide-angle vistas and overhead views.)

Columbus can hardly be blamed for refusing to argue with success. And while *Chamber* may focus on the action duzle of Harry's magical world, what a tremendous candy it is. Hogwarts exists in its luminous as before, while new sets—notably Professor Snape's poison-filled office and Headmaster Albus Dumbledore's round arena—are superb. The Quidditch sequence is even more exciting than in *Philosopher's Stone*, in part because Columbus no longer bothers to explain the wizarding world's foibles, and flexibly complex, sport. The advances in computer stimulation also help, something best seen in the mischievous house elf Dobby. The three-foot tall creature, in fact, is so brilliantly executed that he dominates his scenes, threatening to become the series' Joe for Jinks.

Equally impressive are the relocation sequences, beginning with an exhilarating journey to Harry (Daniel Radcliffe) and his friend Ron (Rupert Grint) take in a flying car. The climactic scenes deep in the bowels of Hogwarts, away enough for the intended audience, are matched by a noisy encounter with some giant spiders with a taste

for human flesh. (Arsenophobes might consider going for popcorn as soon as Harry and Ron head into the forest.) The main plot turns on a monster who regularly issues forth from a hidden room in the school to ferociously punish "mudblood" students.

The element of racial prejudice—mudblood is a derogatory term for the magical child of a Muggle (non-magical) parent—is one of the darker themes Rowling has gradually introduced another series. It's more reflective of her political passions than her considerable storytelling ability, given that the story of teenage birth is wiped out in a single generation. Harry's mother was a mudblood, but because she was a witch, and his father a wizard, Harry is nicknamed a pure blood. As well, the series' arch villain, Lord Voldemort, is a mudblood himself, probably a nod—Rowling has large literary ambitions—to Adolf Hitler, the prototypical outsider abused with the purity of his adopted group. Voldemort, however, as an antisemitic name ("high friendless") indicates, is far more concerned with his quest for immortality. Rowling, who is fluent in French, also uses that language for

the repulsive Malfoy ("bulbous") family. Meanwhile, the remaining members of the stellar British adult cast, including Richard Harris (Dumbledore), who died on Oct. 25, are given very little to do—a real loss in the case of Alan Rickman's menacing Snape. But two newcomers, Jason Isaacs as Lucius Malfoy and Kenneth Branagh as the narcissistic pop Gilderoy Lockhart, turn in note-perfect performances. With his hair curled just so, and the suggestion of twinkles in his eye, Branagh provides an exquisite send-up of his own bombastic reputation.

That leaves most of the acting lead—such as it is—for the three young leads. Emma Watson, who plays Harry's other great friend, Hermione, a very good, white Girl, hailed as natural after the first film, needs to raise her tendency to overact shamelessly. Radcliffe has grown the most, both physically and as an actor. It's far more comfortable, even muscular, in the role than he was, and seems to have taken a claim to it that goes beyond looking like a perfect Harry.

Replicating the success of *Philosopher's Stone* also means replicating its failures. Although *Chamber* ticks on a sentimental conclusion not found in the novel, neither film really reaches the true source of the books' appeal, the school and school relationships story hidden beneath the spellbinding exterior. That may turn out to matter, when the filmmakers move on to the more complex tales in the series, but, for now, style will do nicely for substance.



Grint is a born ham actor, while a newly mature Radcliffe is more at ease in his role this time.



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CLOSINGNOTES

TV | 76

Mr. Hockey
Night in Canada
Martin Gelfand cut
his teeth on the
stage. Now he's in
the limelight, crafting
the perfect question



PEOPLE | 78

The Funk Brothers, behind the music
in the 1960s, a group of 13 musicians living
in Detroit provided the grooves for all the
Motown performers. And they're making
a new film, *Stax*, about the history
of Motown, hopes to change that. And the
Funk Brothers are ready for the spotlight



Listings | Art alternatives

**Worth A
Thousand Words**
Nov 14 Jan 13
On display at the
Detroit Exchange is
a collection of the
world's best theatrical
posters from the
past five years—and
80 years of theatrical
festival posters.
Toronto

Humboldt
Dec. 5-14
It may be trained
as to men with
the classics, but the
Dartmouth Players
Theatre has thrown
out the script to *A
Christmas Carol* and
will instead take its
performance via audi-
ence suggestion.
Dartmouth, N.S.

**David Suzuki's
Humane Moment Year**
Dec. 3-2
Shelley Theatre is the
last stop on Suzuki's
tour as he promotes
nature preservation.
Victoria's Kelly Parle-
do and Montreal's
Katie Roberts will
perform on the first
night and former
Suzuki wife guitarist
Brenda Russell will
play on the second.
Vancouver

**Paint, Spots and
Delights**
Nov 22-23
A new exhibition at
the Edmonton Art
Gallery asks you not
to do the ordinary
step-back to appreciate
the big picture of
the paintings or
photographs. But to
step forward and
explore the details.
Edmonton

People | George Bowering is Canada's new court jester

From the waist up, B.C. writer George Bowering looks the part of the first paragon of Canadian literature—a poet announced last week. He's dressed in a granddaddy-crowded sweater with his chest shirt collar peeking out. But from the waist down, the author of more than 50 books and two-time winner of the Governor General's Literary Award resembles a teenage-hipster with army green cargo pants and heavy black shoes. This lack of clothing coordination complements his irreverent attitude and even his on-stage politics. (He's been vice president of the Newlib Party of Canada since 1966.) Bowering, 66, says he's pleased to be the first poet laureate, because the role is never defined. "It's like starting a poem," he says. "If you

One poet laureate
plans to eat better
quality meat

THE DETAILS

A poem from
George Bowering's
1970 collection,
Another World

DB

One thousand winters
in the sunlight around
the corner of their
foundries, I saw

from the window
of a V.C. 18
a world. William Blake
could have seen that.

I did.

he said

know what's going on you shouldn't be
writing the damn poem." As for the \$12,000
taxable stipend that comes with the job,
Bowering says it will allow him to buy nice
pairs of shoes rather than a lower grade.

Along the way, Bowering hopes to raise
poetry's public profile. It's been suggested
that he'll compose original words for sig-
nificant national events. But, he says, "I
am not going to lower my rights as to how
to make a poem just to write about a cer-
tain event that happens in our political life."
Bowering does, however, think it would be
appropriate for him to dress as a court jester
when introduced in the House of Com-
mons. "I don't know if there's that much dif-
ference," he says, "between the poet laureate
and the fool." And Bowering is willing to play
the fool. When asked what standard he'll
set for his successors, he answers, "The low-
est standard possible." **WILLIAM BOWYER**



TV | Look at me, grandpa, I'm on *Hockey Night in Canada*

The buzzer sounds and the frantic crowd starts boistering, but Martine Gauthier sits in the tunnel, cool and collected. Eagerly hobbled by on-air stases and Gauthier intercepts her interview subject, disarmed the next half minute of Q & A. Will produce something noteworthy? "The toughest thing as to craft a question that makes a player gas, 'hmm,' and answer it with something different than the typical cliché," says Gauthier, 33, who made her debut as *Hockey Night in Canada*'s newest female reporter last month. "I have a 40-second window and better not take 30 seconds getting my question out."

Growing up in St.-Basile, Que., Gauthier developed a love for hockey thanks to her

grandfather, who'd take her to games in nearby Melfort. She watched *RNHC* religiously. Now, she's the second female reporter in the show's history, after CBC personality Brenda Irving, who was brought in last year to cover a handful of games a season. And while Gauthier's completely qualified—she spent three years as a night anchor at *The Score*, an all-sports channel—the hating of this blond-haired, green-eyed broadcaster left some critics grumbling about *RNHC* adding a "sports babe." None of it fazed Gauthier. "People made a really big deal at first," she says. "But they forget once they see you know what you're doing."

MICHAEL SINDER

Diversions | Guy Vanderhaeghe

Here are some reviews of the Saskatoon-based novelist's (*The Last Grassing*) **WINTER: LANCELOT OF VANDIA** "I've watched it once a year since I was 12. It's an untidy male meek about a conflicted interlocher adventures." **BOOKS: MYTHS AND LEGENDS** by Ian McEwan "I know how the story ends so I'm not propelled by suspense. But it's quite fascinating and depicts some of the myths I had about Hitler. I always thought of the Nazis as being highly efficient and bureaucratic, but it was more like a medieval fiefdom."



Music | Soul and spirituality

CHANTAL KREVZULEK, *What It Is All*

Mezzo Something (Columbia/Real Gone Music, Nov. 20) Chantal Krevzulek scores vulnerability—and that's a good thing. Her mezzo-filled vocals, along with soft piano playing, led to the double-platinum success of her first two albums, *Another Love* (2003) and *Mezzo* (2005). She remains true to form. She penned the lyrics of one song, *Flying Home*, while travelling in her dad's funeral. And she sings of peace and devotion on an *It's All About Krevzulek* (introduced) with husband Ryan Adams, of *Gold Dust* fame, in the disc's lead song, *Face the Page*, which shines for its simplicity. In fact, most of the album is stripped down, allowing listeners to fully savor Krevzulek's delicate notes.



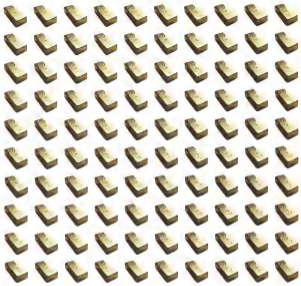
GEORGE HARRISON, *Unreleased*

Dark Horse (GML, Nov. 20) George Harrison wanted the songs on his posthumous release to sound like a demo. But his son, Dhani, and friend Jeff Lynne, who finished the CD after Harrison's death of cancer last November, thought they deserved to be a bit more polished. *Unreleased* evokes quiet aspects of Harrison's post-theatrical career. The first song has the playful whimsy of the *Traveling Wilburys*. Others include *Wondering*, the Harrison 1987 release, the Lynne-produced *Cloud Nine*, and the guitar playing is as beautiful and moving as what's found on his solo debut, *All Things Must Pass* (1970). But the first single, *Cloud*, is the only song with a hook worthy of a radio hit. While the CD is made for all over the map, lyrically Harrison was more single-minded. Seemingly resigned to his approaching death, he remained as he was throughout life—spiritual, reflective and engaged.



DEBORAH COO, *The Morning After*

Chances Are (Real Gone Music, Nov. 20) On her third CD, jazz writer Deborah Coon continues to work with R&B producers, and contributed more songs to her own, but while the first half of the disc is fully and sweetly her vocals, the handful of songwriting tracks on the second half are only—and distinct from—otherwise classy and discernable recordings. **REVIEWS BY JOHN INTAVO AND SHARONA GIZZEL**



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People | Ain't that peculiar?

According to Motown perennial Jack Ashford, there was no place like Detroit during its heyday. "You had The Supremes living on one side of town," he says, "and The Youngtans on the other. The Four Tops were over here and Marvin Gaye over there—wouldn't describe what it was like. And they had the finest women in the world there." It's true, says keyboardist Joe Raposo, "if Jack hadn't left Detroit when he did, he would have become a big star." Last week, Ashford, Hunter and the other remaining members of the Funk Brothers—the studio band who created the Motown sound—reunited in the Motor City for the theatrical release of *Standing in the Shadows of Motown*.

The documentary introduces the world

to this group of jazz musicians who provided the grooves for the likes of Smokey Robinson and Stevie Wonder, who in turn got all the fame. The Funk Brothers were literally left in the cold when Motown moved to Los Angeles in 1972. And when the record label celebrated its 25th anniversary with a concert in 1983, none of the Funk was invited. "They didn't think we could play any more," says bandleader Bob Babbitt.

But they can. In the film, the Funk Brothers hold an exhilarating concert, running through classics like *What's Going On* and *Hot Butter*, with contemporary R&B singers, including Ben Harper and Chaka Khan. For the past year, the Funkies have been the stars of the film *Boyz n the Hood*. But nowhere did they get as much love as their Detroit hometown. After a quick screening,

Ashford, Hunter and Babbitt provided the sound of Motown and say they still can play

they performed for a caped audience.

But it was a bittersweet occasion—just that morning, Funk Brother keyboardist Johnny Griffith died. Author Allan Slutsky, whose book the film is based on, and he's been "running against time" in order to get this story out and get the Funk recognition while they're still alive. Now, only six of 13 are left—Hazel, Babbitt, Ashford, drummer Uriel Jones and guitarists Joe Messina and Eddie Willis. "But," Ashford said at the post-screening concert, "as long as one Funk Brother is alive we'll continue to play." Then he picked up the tambourine and the band broke into *Am I No Lover*. *High Enough*.

SHARON DUBOIS

Books | Picturing history

Few artifacts capture a moment of national drama or debate like a newsprint cartoon. And few countries can ever have been in torn between pride in its accomplishments and estimated this rag over its own worth as the young Daemon of Canada was between the First and Second World Wars. That's the clear message of the 366 illustrations in Charles and Cynthia Hou's absorbing *Great Canadian Political Cartoons 1913 to 1945* (Macmillan). Alongside such now-forgotten debates as the extent of Bill Meikle's infatuation among Nova Scotia miners, the cartoons portray a lengthy array of issues still very much alive here: French-English struggle, political corruption, fear and loathing of Toronto, free trade, Senate reform, American exploitation of Canadian natural resources—these may be the very fabric of our history but when it makes of condemnation of hockey violence or forcing every young adult unable to leave home? The more things change...

BESTSELLERS

Fiction

1. THE PLEASURE MAN, Austin Clarke (4)	2
2. THE LAST CRUCIAL, Benvenuto (4)	2
3. THE LAST CRUCIAL, Benvenuto (4)	1
4. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1
5. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1
6. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1
7. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1
8. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1
9. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1
10. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	1

Non Fiction

1. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
2. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
3. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
4. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
5. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
6. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
7. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
8. THE BURNING OF THE FLOOD, Robert Browning (4)	2
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(1) Fiction only

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BORDERING ON PANIC

Post-9/11, Muslims like me are suffering close encounters with U.S. Immigration

I'M GETTING accustomed to people asking me where I'm from. Since 9/11, my brown skin hasn't been a sign of blessing light to many curious eyes. In my sleep, I catch eye a source of worry for the growing list of morphological profiles roaming the streets of North America. I usually respond offensively: "Polonian," I say, and turn my attention elsewhere as if that should be enough. It never is. So when an American border official posed the same question to me on a recent trip to the U.S., I tried to sound as casual as if it were just another irrelevant yodel slurring out a barely comprehensible, "Where you from?" It didn't work.

I know America has a right to defend its border, but Muslims are increasingly under suspicion these days, even comfortably by presumed Canadian ones like myself. We should reassess ourselves, I suppose, in the cold reality of waiting rooms at American border crossings where towering models of the Statue of Liberty ring the ceilings and the deceptively happy faces of missing children stare out from diaphanous boards. It's our lot, I fatalistically think, to be subjected to overzealous immigration officials, grilling us to the point of near panic, ignoring language barriers, guessing and prodding until we stumble over ourselves. That's more than enough to make us look suspicious, besides our place of birth, of course.

For the group of Muslims waiting about 48 hours in the waiting rooms with me at the Lewiston-Queenston Bridge near Niagara Falls, the experience was enough to make them pull a Robinson Crusoe and refuse, as did the author, to enter the U.S. "I'm never going back," one Pakistani father of four bawled after being fingerprinted and photographed. Another Middle Eastern man, after having his wallet unceremoniously carted into a counter before he was whisked away and locked in a back room, only to be released an hour later and told to go back to Canada, refused to discuss his ordeal with me. Both men were Canadian citizens and neither could understand why they

were singled out. A few other visible minorities came in and left within an hour, but for Muslims, it would not be so simple.

By the time my immigration began, I'd lost all hope of making it into the States before nightfall. The stock questions were asked by a sleep-deprived, uniformed immigration official who finally reached the inevitable one: "What were you doing in Afghanistan?" I explained that I'm a freelance photojournalist and I was working for *Maclean's* at the time. I pointed out the "journalist" credentials clearly marked on the Afghan man in my passport, which elicited an ambiguous "Hmmm" from my interlocutor. Every answer was recorded on a sheet of foolscap. I asked why and he responded cryptically, "What's real is unusual and what's unusual is real."

That could be the slogan for contemporary America—a jarring of reality to the post-9/11 world. And when my car was searched by two white gloves officials, I felt as if I'd slipped into a David Lynch movie. They dusted my disheveled little Honda and its contents with a steel that seemed utterly over the top. My notebook and personal

organizer were confiscated and I won't admit whether I had any strong love poetry scribbled into my notes (how embarrassing!) or if my friends' phone numbers would be copied and filed away for future reference.

When the immigration official ushered me into a back room, dimly furnished with a rectangular table and four chairs, my anxiety level skyrocketed. Two casually dressed men entered the room, and introduced themselves as members of the Joint Terrorism Task Force.

Now I was scared. They pulled the chairs close together, crowding one corner of the table and asked me to sit down between them. The Border Patrol agent and his New York State trooper counterpart filled me with prepared questions. Their knowledge of Pakistani culture and geography seemed minimal, but I thought this might be a play (Was I becoming paranoid?). At one point, the Border Patrol agent casually asked if I spoke Pashto and I was tempted to respond that while my Pashtuns were a bit rough, I could speak Canadian fluently. But I refrained. Why waste time, I thought, especially when fate's accomplices had me cornered in a back office of a foreign country.

During the three-hour ordeal, I'd been made to feel like an unwanted outsider, as if I were guilty of some heinous crime and now it was my responsibility to prove my innocence. The alternative I felt was relatively minor for someone with few ties to America, but for the thousands of Canadian Muslims who have loved ones living south of the border, America's rejection of their kind wounds deeply.

When it was all over, I couldn't help but laugh as I drove back over the bridge, picturing my personal profile winking hellos to an FBI database. I'd been grilled by three levels of American security and for what? Had America's national terror really been averted?

Back at the Canadian border, a uniformed official inquired about how long I'd stayed in the U.S. Just a few hours, I responded, and advanced to go into the details.

"And the value of goods you're bringing over?" he asked.

"Zero," I replied.
"Okay, go home."
Glady.

Adam B. Khan is a freelance photojournalist based in Toronto (apophysis@maclean.ca).



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